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No. 68

' 5 APRIL MOVEMENT' REMEMBERED

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Beijing DANGDAI [CONTEMPORARY] in Chinese No 2, Sep 79 pp 4-65

[Article by Yang Kuangman [2799 0562 3341] and Guo Baochen
[6753 1405 5256] : "Destiny"]

[Text] The year 1976 will be forever remembered by Chinese people as one of the most tragic and yet the most gratifying period of Chinese history.

The mass movement at Tiananmen Square during the Qing Ming Festival can be considered the climax as well as the turning point of a soul-stirring drama. There was hardly a family in Beijing that did not witness or take part in this great event--an event with a bearing on the destiny of all Chinese people. Despite its tragic ending with the bloodshed and imprisonment of hundreds or thousands of people, it actually marked the beginning of yet another historical drama in contemporary China.

Today, while joining our readers in the recollection of this unforgettable time, we should first recall an autumn day, an autumn day equally unforgettable.

1. A Great Heart Stopped Beating

It was an unpretentious grey house on the west bank of Beihai Lake in Beijing City. In 1975, autumn seemed to have arrived a little earlier than usual. Who was living in that house? Who was the master of that house? Only a few people could answer at that time.

At 12 noon, 7 September, when the warm sun was shining on this plain looking house, a black sedan pulled up at the door. The visitor was Verdet, secretary of the Romanian Communist Party Central Committee and leader of a Romanian Party and State Delegation. He was coming to see Premier Zhou Enlai--the last one of the innumerable foreign friends whom Premier Zhou had met in his life.

Now we understand that Premier Zhou had for a long time stayed here when he was seriously ill. This was his makeshift hospital, office and guest hall.

The meeting did not last long, because the premier's health did not permit a long reception. The pigmentation of old age became more marked on his emaciated face, and his body weight had been reduced from 130 jin in 1973 to somewhere between 80 and 90 jin. It seemed only yesterday that the people seemed to feel that the premier was the type of person who could never get tired; and today, who could have thought that he had lost the strength for even 4 minutes' work! Only last month, he could still stroll under the shades of the willow trees in Beihai Park and then sit for a while in Fangshanzhai [0119 5234 7872]. Now he needed more rest and the people hoped he could have more rest. Among the 900 million people in China, he was undoubtedly the one most entitled to and most in need of rest!

However, Premier Zhou, who always worked selflessly for the revolution, disregarded the prearrangements, whereby only the taking of a group picture and a brief conversation was to be allowed, and invited the Romanian comrade to the guest hall.

"I have already received Marx's invitation."

This was the first sentence spoken by Premier Zhou. It wrung the hearts of all those around him, but the premier remained composed.

Then he inquired after everyone of his old Romanian friends, beginning with Ceausescu. He said: "Please tell Comrade Ceausescu that the Chinese Communist Party has now many talented and capable leaders after half a century's nurturing by Mao Zedong Thought. With 55 years' glorious history, the CCP has acquired the courage of struggle."

He added: "Now, the vice premier has assumed full responsibility."

A responsible comrade nearby interjected: "He is referring to Comrade Deng Xiaoping."

As soon as Comrade Verdet took his leave, and before the premier left the guest hall for his bedroom, the press photographer was still present, and some of the workers, guards, cooks and doctors who were around requested that the premier join them for a group picture. Although nobody could bear the thought of taking up a single minute or a single second of his time, they knew this was a very rare, and most probably the last opportunity.

After the picture taking, the premier said: "I hope you will not mark my face with a cross later."

He spoke in a very tranquil voice, which nevertheless alarmed the workers. What was the meaning of these remarks? He had never talked about himself, especially to those working around him, no matter how precarious might be his situation, how heavy might be his heart, and how severe might be his suffering.

Several days later, the premier had to undergo major surgery. Before the surgery, some Political Bureau members including Wang Hongwen, Zhang Chunqiao and Yao Wenyuan came to see him. They came to the premier's bed and shook hands with him. Wang Hongwen had just returned from Shanghai and was in a flutter after his exposure to the summer winds. Yet he managed to look carefree. Zhang Chunqiao had not been active for quite some time, and in his somber face, there lurked a sneer not easily noticeable. When they came before the premier, these two men seemed to be quite devout. The premier fixed his piercing eyes on their faces and said slowly: "You should do your best to help Comrade Xiaoping in his work."

In October, the premier was again due for major surgery. Some Political Bureau members again came to see him. This time, there were Deng Xiaoping, Ye Jianying and Wang Dongxing in addition to Wang Hongwen, Zhang Chunqiao The premier was lying on the surgery trolley, and a doctor in his white gown slowly pushed it along the corridor. Comrade Deng Xiaoping approached the trolley and the premier took Comrade Xiaoping's outstretched hand, saying: "You have done very well this year, better than I could" His voice was feeble but very clear, and was quite audible to the doctor who pushed the trolley, and to Zhang Chunqiao by the side. Probably because Comrade Deng Xiaoping had some difficulty hearing, he could not understand what the premier said; so he turned around to ask others in his Sichuan dialect: "What did the premier say?" Zhang Chunqiao, with his usual long face, said listlessly: "He told us to do our best to help you in your work."

After the surgery in October, Premier Zhou could not get up any more. In order that he could have a quiet rest, no guest came anymore, and Sister Deng was the only one to come every day to sit by his side. October was the month in which Chinese politics took an abrupt turn. In July, August and September, all the hot news circulated among the people was called "political rumors." "Criticism of 'Water Margin'" seemed to have been escalated. With telegrams and long distance phone calls to Siyang, Chi Qun [6688 5023] urged the "Liang Xiao" [2733 2400] scholars to return to Beijing immediately. Chi Qun roared furiously: "With class struggle so fiercely going on, can you still afford to enjoy sightseeing?" By the end of November, Liang Xiao's article "The Orientation of Revolution in Education Must Not Be Tampered With" carried in RED FLAG No 12 was broadcast ahead of schedule. This was like a bucket of cold water poured over people's heads, and these people who had become relaxed in the previous several months, again knitted their eyebrows. The tide was going to turn and another anti-"rightist" movement was in the offing. People with sharp eyes could see at once that Liang Xiao's spearhead was not pointing at Zhou Rongxin [0719 2837 9515] and even less at Liu Bing [0491 0393] of Qinghua University, but at Deng Xiaoping and Premier Zhou.

Quietly lying on his sickbed, the premier knew what was going on outside. For a great politician and a revolutionary full of experiences in struggles like Premier Zhou, every new slogan and every new phrase he heard through the window could not escape his attention. Before October, he could still be propped up to read newspapers. After the middle of October, however, he could only rely on the medical workers to read to him. At first, he could sometimes say "Stop" and then let another article be read. Later he had no strength even to utter this word. The medical worker could only read some titles slowly. The premier had always been a stern disciplinarian, and when something could be said only under certain circumstance, it should never be said under other circumstances. This was the way he treated himself as well as those most close to him. After hearing the reading of the news, how could he express himself? The medical workers usually saw him staring at the ceiling, sighing and shaking his head. Apparently, the premier understood everything. At that time, the Wang-Jiang-Zhang-Yao gang imposed a strict blockade on the premier; Vice Premier Deng Xiaoping and the other old comrades in arms of the premier could not bear to let the premier worry about them despite the ever mounting severity of attacks and slanders. The comrades working by the side of the premier likewise did not want to tell him what they had heard outside in view of his critical condition.

On 6 December, the doctor performed the final surgery on the premier in an endeavor to prolong his precious life. After the middle of the month, the premier could no longer eat any food and had to be sustained through intravenous infusions. The cancer cells had already spread and he frequently fainted with severe pain. To reduce his suffering, the doctor had to use sleeping drugs and pain-relieving injections. When he awoke, he still sighed frequently. There was only Sister Deng sitting quietly by his bed. Now this couple, who had been comrades in arms for well over half a century, could only speechlessly look at each other. The premier could no longer speak. Every day, Comrade Ye Jianying phoned the hospital twice, once in the morning and once in the evening, to inquire about the premier's condition, his intake of nourishment, his sleep, his bowel movement, and so forth. Even when Marshal Ye was in Hainan Island, he still made his daily calls to the house by the side of Beihai Lake.

The New Year of 1976 arrived in a depressing atmosphere. RENMIN RIBAO sanctimoniously used two lines from Chairman Mao's poem, "Nothing Is Hard in this World, if You Dare To Scale the Heights" as the title of an editorial. What heights to scale? And to whom does "The Sparrow in the Bush" refer? Behind closed doors at home, relatives and intimate friends were trying to solve the puzzles while sipping their liquor in their depressed mood.

"The selection of some secondary school students to go straight to university was proposed by the premier before. Why is it now criticized?"

"Many years ago, Lu Dingyi used his family funds to support the revolutionary cause. Now, how can he become an alien class element? Didn't Engels constantly send money to Marx on the same principle? Then Engels should have been an alien class element!"

People with a conscience tried to make their points directly, indirectly, openly, or through insinuations. They talked about history, told ghost stories, or vented their rage. Luckily for this New Year, the supply in the market was not bad and people had enough to eat. The writer saw the wedding ceremony of a sparetime literature and art worker in Nanjing. He had apparently bought an excessive amount of candies and delicacies, because he loudly urged his guests: "Please eat all you can! Once Deng Ziaoping steps down, there will be nothing more to eat!"

Can the sky be completely covered by dark clouds? Can't there be a single ray of sunlight? The people were hoping against hope. "After treatment, the premier could certainly recover. There are good doctors in our country. Some day, we will read about the premier in the papers, and he would talk to us"

Contrary to their expectation, inexorable facts gave them a head-on blow. On 8 January at 0957 hours, the screen of the cardiogram, which was working day and night, showed that the waves were becoming a straight horizontal line. The noble heart which had toiled 78 years for the sake of the people had stopped forever!

Political Bureau members hurried to the scene. Deng Xiaoping stood before the premier's bed in complete silence. Jiang Qing entered and made a quick round without even casting a glance at the premier. Then she shouted in a high-pitch voice: "Where is Little Chao?" "Little Chao" was what the premier used to call Comrade Deng Yingchao. On hearing Jiang Qing's shouting, the medical workers secretly protested: "What right have you to call Little Chao?"

The dirge and obituary notice were first broadcast on the 9th at 0000 hour. The vast majority of people in China heard this shocking news in the very early news program. At first, they did not believe their ears. The premier was full of energy and always in vigorous health. Didn't they see him right before their eyes! There must be some mistake by the XINHUA News Agency! Or some mistake with the radio station! Many of them made phone enquiries. Workers, cadres, sales clerks, students . . . braved the freezing weather of 10 degrees below zero as usual and squeezed into public buses on their way to work or to school. The usual noise in the buses was not heard, as though the people had acquired a higher standard of morality and civilization overnight. Acquaintances and strangers alike were polite to one another, while the solemn voice of the announcer along with the dirge came into the bus and pounded at everyone's heart. So the news was real after all! Gradually tears moistened the eyes of old people, middle-age people and young people, and sobbing was heard from the female passengers.

The whole of China was shaken by the dirge! So too was the whole world!

The premier's remains were moved to an ordinary mortuary in the rear portion of Beijing Hospital. It was a room of less than 100 square meters. There was no corridor in front, because the door of the room opened directly into an open space. The premier's remains were placed in the middle of the room, and were surrounded by pots of plastic flowers. Against the four walls were placed wreaths. Besides the several persons staying to watch the remains, there was only enough room for the mourners to enter in a single file and to walk around in a small circle. The area beyond the door could be used as a parking lot, about the size of two basketball playgrounds combined with a narrow asphalt road leading to a big road to the west of Dongdan Park.

The number of people permitted to pay their last respects to the premier was first limited to 60,000, but later reduced to 40,000. The duration of mourning at the Cultural Hall of the Working People, originally limited to 3 days, was later reduced to 2 days.

Beyond the hospital compound, the whole area from Dongdan to Dongjiao Minxiang [2639 0074 1574] was filled with people from early morning until late at night. Their cries and demands to take a last look at the premier could be heard inside the hospital.

It was not allowed to open any window blind in the hospital, lest, as it was said, the patients would be too excited. The conditions of some seriously ill patients had suddenly deteriorated because of their deep grief.

Wreaths appeared before the Martyrs' Monument from 9 January. These wreaths continued to accumulate, and a few days later there was no more room on the platform, so that later wreaths had to be placed on the ground in the Square. The southern fence of pine trees was dotted with little white flowers, while thousands and tens of thousands of people came, singly or collectively, to face the monument, in mourning, with their hats off. The voice of their pledges and their cries continued throughout the night.

The air of mid-winter seemed to have been frozen. In the frozen air, people could gradually hear the solemn strains of the Internationale. People's singing from different directions could be heard in different tones continually.

Arise, ye prisoners of starvation.
Arise, ye wretched of the earth.

People, not even knowing one another, joined in the chorus. Despite the freezing cold in the square, the strain of the Internationale found many eager listeners.

In the afternoon of 11 January, the sky was as gloomy as the people's hearts, and there was not a single ray of sunlight. From Beijing Hospital all the way to Babaoshan, millions of people, old and young, lined both sides of Changan Boulevard, hoping to take their last look at the premier. Such a mass gathering was unprecedented in Chinese history. There was no organizer, but the gathering was in perfect order. Such a solemn and moving scene has never been witnessed in any funeral in history. That night, the workers of Shijingshan [4258 2529 1472] and the members of a commune near Babaoshan swarmed to the cremation ground to forbid the cremation, and the dispute lasted until late at night, when finally Sister Deng showed up to explain. Numerous telegrams and letters had been sent to the Central Committee requesting that the premier's remains be preserved. The people's love of the premier was simply beyond description. And he was the only premier since the founding of the People's Republic!

The week from 9 to 15 January was probably the most painful and most trying period in history for the vast majority of Chinese people. People shed tears every time they heard of the dirge and the "Internationale."

People found the atmosphere oppressive as never before. They were prohibited from holding memorial meetings, setting up altars or even wearing black armbands. Publication of poems in memory of the premier was also prohibited. The "spirit" behind all these prohibitions, as relayed to the lower levels, was that vigilance must be heightened against interference with the struggle against the "rightist wind to reverse correct verdicts" by manipulating the mourning of the premier; and that the new tendency of class struggle must be closely watched, particularly in places where intellectuals were concentrated

However, the broad masses of party members, cadres and people did not care about these prohibitions. In Beijing, apart from the "Two Universities," nearly all units set up their altars and the people wore black armbands.

The people's mouths could not be sealed. When they watched the performance of Wang, Zhang, Jiang and Yao on the screen, they sneered, cursed and protested, while at the same time bearing their pain.

People took up the newspaper dated 14 January containing the so-called "Great Debates Bring About Big Changes" article, shouted in protest, tore it into shreds and then mailed it back to RENMIN RIBAO. In one day, RENMIN RIBAO received not less than 300 phone calls of protest.

"What is your unit?" The person who took the calls, tried to find some clue.

"I am your father!" And with a click, the receiver was hung up. The caller was not stupid after all.

Naturally, people were eager to know who would deliver the memorial speech, and who would be the next premier, because these questions concerned the destiny of the entire country as well as the living conditions of every family, including the old and the very young and down to such minor items as firewood, rice, oil and salt. Yet, in either discussion or guessing, there could be freedom only inside people's hearts. Worse still, even this freedom was now interfered with and threatened.

The people's greatest fear was that Zhang Chunqiao might become the next premier. In the minds of the people, this treacherous "Second Vice Premier" had an evil heart and a pair of unscrupulous hands. Jiang Qing was already a stinker, and, in the people's opinion, could never win the race, while Wang Hongwen and Yao Wenyuan were "barely weaned." People had the best opinion of and the warmest sympathy for Deng Xiaoping; but he was being criticized in the radio and the press every day. Needless to say, even Premier Zhou was being wronged; so how could Deng Xiaoping stand firm?

With great anxiety, they waited for the day 15 January--which they hoped for and yet feared.

Meanwhile, in a small room well hidden from sunlight on the second floor of the No 4 Guest House in Linxian, Henan Province, Guo Xiaochuan [6735 1420 1557], the well-known poet, was straining his bloodshot eyes after weeping and prolonged insomnia, to write a long poem, "Mourning the Beloved and Respected Premier Zhou." Outside the window, stark poplars were creaking in the piercing wind. At one corner of his desk was a bottle of ink, and at another, a bottle of sleeping pills. The ash tray was already tightly packed. Because of his trembling hand, the strokes of the characters he wrote became warped. He seemed to have grown old all of a sudden.

This is a--
Hard to bear
Severe and queer winter!
From the calm blue sky
All of a sudden
Comes a heavy downpour,
Sprays of tears
Are pounding at
Taihangshan's steep cliff
....

On 13 January, he read this poem to two intellectuals who had come to work in the countryside of Linxian and were his daughter's friends. At the suggestion of these two young girls, he changed the word "pounding" to "hammering." But what hurt this poet most was that he was not free to express many of his thoughts, and that many political slogans at that time had to be omitted, lest the poem could not be sent even to Sister Deng. Several days later, he sent copies of this tear-stained poem

separately to Chairman Mao and Comrade Deng Yingchao. Also, disregarding well-intentioned advice, he sent a copy to Vice Chairman Deng as well. He later received the following acknowledgement:

"Comrade Guo Xiaochuan:

"Your poem mourning the premier, sent to Sister Deng, has been received.

"Thank you for the long poem. She fully appreciates your intention not to publish it, and never to publish it. She will keep it as a souvenir.

"She thanks you for your concern and comforting, and sends you her regards.

With greetings,
X X (Secretary)

There were many poems other than Guo Xiaochuan's which could not be published. Poems mourning the premier of China could only be found in foreign newspapers, because they were not permitted in China's own newspapers. This is an insult to the Chinese people and the CCP, thanks to Wang, Zhang, Jiang and Yao. Yet this was only one page of a long, long tragedy and the climax was still far, far behind.

2. January 15

Dry and cold winds carrying sands with them were whirling in the bright and blue sky. It was 29 November 1975. At a satellite launching site in the Great Northwest of our country, people were wild with joy in the desert, because for the first time, we had successfully recovered the satellite. That day, Marshal Ye made a long distance call to the base to extend his congratulations. But there was no phone call from the premier. How these people wished to report this news directly to their sick premier!

Three days later, an express train from the Northwest entered the Beijing Railway Station. On the spot to receive them was Zhang Aiping [1728 1947 5493], a responsible person of the Seventh Ministry of Machine Building. He was supposed to welcome the heroes on their triumphant return after the successful launching of the satellite; but it was strange that today, he did not say anything about the welcome and there was no smile on his face. People shook hands with him and found that his expression was rather unusual. It was not until quite a while that he quietly spoke these words: "I still have to say that we must have lofty aspirations and great ideals in order to make our aerospace undertaking a success."

Everyone who had just left the train was surprised. Their smiles instantly disappeared like plant leaves destroyed by severe frost. They were later aware that Zhang Aiping had already been attacked as a go-getter of the "rightist wind to reverse correct verdicts."

Qu Hailiang [4234 3189 5328], a research worker of the 502d Institute under the Seventh Ministry of Machine Building, followed the crowd to the platform. He was about 35 years of age, of medium height, somewhat fragile with a pale complexion and wearing myopic eye-glasses with black rims. He looked like a typical intellectual from the south. His great enthusiasm, which had lasted several days, suddenly vanished on hearing Zhang Aiping's words. He was not personally related to Zhang Aiping in any way, but he knew that following Deng Xiaoping's efforts in rectification, the prestige of the Seventh Ministry of Machine Building had soared and all research workers showed much greater enthusiasm. Of course, Zhang Aiping should take part of the credit. Not long ago, Zhang Aiping walked with a cane and a bottle of oxygen to inspect the third line construction site, and what could be wrong with this? Could this be called the "rightist wind to reverse correct verdicts"? Must the red flag plummet to the ground when the satellite soars up in the sky? What can be wrong with the satellite soaring up in the sky? He felt pressure inside his chest as though a stick were poking at it.

When he returned to the institute, a series of news came to further disturb his peace of mind, and he felt more tired than ever. The pressure inside his chest was so much that he could hardly breathe. He decided to make a trip to Shanghai. He knew that the political atmosphere in Shanghai was even worse. Perhaps he particularly disliked those "new aristocrats" there who rose to high positions by helicopters. Yet he thought that a change of environment and a few days rest might help relax his tension. He could say that he had to report on his work, and on the way he could also visit his parents. His home was in a village by the Changjiang River.

True enough, to him, Shanghai's atmosphere was even more gloomy than that of Beijing.

It was after 8 January. The people of Shanghai thronged the streets despite the severe cold, or formed long lines waiting to buy black muslin. In a few days, some 600,000 meters of black muslin was sold. There was the same pain, the same worry, the same doubts and the same tears. How could all people have the same feeling!

Yet Shanghai was different in many ways. Some workers, seen carrying wreaths for Premier Zhou in the streets, were criticized by the leadership on their return to the plants. Some old workers who fainted with grief were declared by the leadership as being abnormal in thinking! On 9 January, Wang Hongwen directed through the phone that the little brothers "should transform their grief into strength and criticize Deng as their foremost concern." On 10 January, some plant leaders vied with one another in criticizing Deng Xiaoping by name. On 14 January, some people asked the authorities whether the citywide middle schools on-the-spot meeting to "repulse the rightist attempt to reverse verdicts" would still be held. The reply was: "To be held as usual"

It was strange that some people in Shanghai were not pleased at all with the success in recovering the satellite. Was it a case of the satellite going up and the red flag coming down? Or were some people trying to whitewash revisionism? Can it be true that there is not the slightest patriotism? More strange still, the materials for speeches "to be used for criticism," without the signature or the name of the reprinter, were widely circulated in Shanghai, and the materials concerned many vice premiers and responsible comrades in the party, government and army. Qu Hailiang was no party member, but he knew very well that this was not in conformity with party principles and not open and above-board.

Better return to Biejing! There, at least, he could empty his chest to some close friends.

Beijing had a clear day on 15 January, although the temperature was 10 degrees below zero with a 3-4 force wind.

A group of workers from the 502d Institute, numbering 200-300 and including a research worker over 60 years of age and still bearing the label "special agent," and the old Institute chief, arrived in the street north of the People's Great Hall early in the morning. Some of them had come on bicycles and others by public buses. Many of them had not eaten any breakfast, and only brought with them some provisions. A few days before--that day was 9 January--they had been to Tiananmen to present their wreaths, and today, they came again, this time in even greater numbers. They were prepared to spend the whole day here only hoping to have a glimpse of the premier's hearse, that hearse with blue and white stripes and decorated with black and yellow scrolls on 11 January and now to carry the premier's ashes.

Since the memorial service was to begin at 1500 hours, they anticipated that a curfew would be imposed by noon. Therefore, they had to hurry from afar to Tiananmen before the curfew started. True, everyone thought the same way and tens of thousands of people were already waiting there. They disregarded the prohibitions against going to Tiananmen or the freezing wind, and with tears in their eyes, eagerly gazed at the gate of the People's Great Hall.

The clock had just struck 10, and many policemen and militiamen appeared at the Square. The crowds were forced to retreat from the Monument to the Heroes of the People to the north. This was called "clearing the Square." People saw a tall man about 50 years old and in an army cloak shouting directions to the policemen and militiamen at the top of his voice: "Get them moving, quickly! Two to carry one. Get them away" The crowds being pushed were like tides, advancing and then retreating.

Arguments and resistance now began. One of Qu Hailiang's colleagues asked: "Why do you drive us away? How do you feel about mourning Premier Zhou?"

A militiaman replied: "I feel the same way you do. Please go while the going is good. And don't make any trouble."

Others protested: "Not the same. We are wearing black armbands and you are wearing a red one."

Some policemen and militiamen, with tears in their eyes, advised the people to leave, but others were roaring and using brute force as though the people had violated laws, both human and divine.

The crowd was gradually pushed to the poplar trees below the wall on the northern side of Changan Boulevard. People from different units, acquaintances and strangers, male and female comrades helped, encouraged and asked one another: "Will they arrest people? Do they dare to?"

Protests, arguments and conflicts continued. Two workers who had just arrived from Tianjin after going off their night shift, cried: "We have hurried to Biejing to mourn the premier. Why do you drive us away?"

Three little girls crying that they wanted to see Premier Zhou were forcefully carried away.

A young man, just over 20, insisted on going forward as though he was insane. With bloodshot eyes, he was bent on forcing his way through. Several militiamen surrounded him. Then several comrades of the 502d Institute immediately rushed forward to rescue the young man by pushing aside the militiamen and then pulling the young man into their own ranks. People with tears in their eyes advised him: "They won't listen to our reasoning!" These remarks seemed to sober him up. Then suddenly, he rested an arm on the shoulder of a female comrade and cried aloud like a baby.

Some people were forced into a public latrine and not allowed to come out. Many more people could not use the latrine. Since No 28 Secondary School was nearby, they thought the school latrine could be used. But there too, people were already tightly surrounded.

It was now 1500 hours. The fierce and noisy bickering suddenly ended! The Square was so quiet that the dropping of a pin could be heard. There seemed to be some kind of silent magic command which could stop all the noise at once. "Red Flag" sedans pulled up before the gate of the People's Great Hall one after another, but the hearse still could not be seen. The people stood on their toe tips, and with wide open eyes, gazed and waited. When they were tired, they sat on the frozen ground for a rest; when hungry, they munched some dry buns. The old Institute chief quietly took out his puddings and distributed them to others. Under the trees, the people, acquaintances or strangers, shared their food and water. In this way, they waited until it grew dark, until 2000 hours. Finally, the policemen left; the militiamen were recalled, and people were free

to go back to the Square and the Monument to the Heroes of the People. The Square was dark and without a single lamp. But it was now free, so people could shed their tears and cry aloud without further interference! The monument area, which had been left quiet during the curfew was now resounding with the strains of the "Internationale."

The blood was already boiling
Let us struggle for truth!

.

That day, the people had too much pent-up grief and indignation. This grief and indignation, under strong pressure, was like underground lava, swirling and roaring, and waiting to make a breakthrough at the appropriate time. No liaison or shouting of slogans was necessary, and the three characters "Qing Ming Festival" spread with the force of a violent storm sweeping all obstacles before them until they reached every family.

It was 15 January when the writer was on an assignment with the Chinese Mountaineering Team on a floating club house in Huaiyou County. While waiting for the live relay on the memorial service, I was chatting with a worker-peasant-soldier student of the geology and geography school of Beijing University. His family name was Xu [1776] and he shared the same dormitory with the writer for the time being. Since he was not a member of the mountaineering team, how did he get here?

The writer asked: "Since schools have closed for the winter vacation, why don't you go home?"

He replied: "It is a misfortune for one's home to be in Beijing these days. Students must return to the school to write articles to criticize the so-called rightist wind to reverse correct verdicts. Recently, Vice Premier Deng has been criticized by name. That is why I have to find some excuse to take shelter here."

The writer asked: "Were the big-character posters criticizing Zhou Rongxin all written by the students on their own initiative in Qinghua and Beijing Universities?"

He replied: "It was all arranged by Chi Qun. The school arranges for the sections and the sections for the classes. The subject, the materials used and the way to play it up are all fixed. Can you see any big-character poster being signed by individuals? When people came for inspection, the big-character posters covering all spaces had been written by someone in our names. When people visit Qinghua, the first room they enter will show them the current situation and brainwash them."

The writer asked: "The society's impression is that worker-peasant-soldier students like you are the vanguard of this movement. Do you agree?"

He replied: "Rubbish! The so-called 'great debate' or letting everyone clarify his stand is just nonsense. Under threats of cancellation of party membership and the counterrevolutionary label, everyone has learned to tell lies, even against his own will."

The writer asked: "How long can you hide yourself here? What will you do later?"

He did not say anything. After a while, he said indignantly: "From now on, I am going to write big-character posters for a counterattack. To give them a counterblow!"

It was 15 January at 0957, exactly the same hour of 8 January when Premier Zhou's heart stopped, when many, many ships of various tonnages spontaneously blew their steam whistles to mourn the premier. The whistles of grief and indignation lasted 37 minutes. The bund, usually a busy spot, seemed now to have been frozen. The usual heavy traffic along the roads suddenly came to a standstill before the red lights, and the policemen and pedestrians all stood erect. A solemn atmosphere prevailed. At about 1300 hours, another fleet of ships blew their whistles. At 1500 hours, the mass memorial service for Premier Zhou began in Biejing, while in Huangpu River, the ships, including all foreign vessels, moored or sailing, blew their whistles to join in the mourning.

The "Yuyi [Freindship] Yacht", which had years ago carried Premier Zhou on his inspection trip in Huangpu River, took the lead in blowing the whistle. At that time, the whole crew stood in formations on the deck and faced the north. In the log of "Hujian [3337 4148] Number Two," this entry was neatly made: "At 1000 hours, the whistle was blown for 20 minutes in mourning for Premier Zhou."

The crew of Number Two Water Tanker of the Sea Transport Bureau simply tied the end of the pulling rope of the steam whistle to the steering wheel and let it blow on for more than 30 minutes in the direction of the Shanghai Municipal CCP Committee Building.

Ma Tianshui [7456 1131 3055] and his cohorts who were entrenched in Shanghai, were scared out of their wits by these whistles. The Shanghai Harbor Administration Bureau and the Shanghai Sea Transport Bureau were not far away from the Municipal CCP Committee Building. Shortly after 1000 hours, phone calls were pouring in from the Industrial and Communications Section of the Municipal CCP Committee, from the External Affairs Staff Office and the Public Security Bureau to check on the cause of all these whistles. Ma Tianshui personally attended to the investigation and made three phone calls to the Inland Transportation Bureau. He said fiercely: "Your whistling was against the instruction from higher authorities" and "affected inland waterway security . . . " He also sent his liaison men to take up the matter seriously.

Below are excerpts from "How the 'gang of four's' Henchmen Had Investigated the Blowing of Whistles Mourning Premier Zhou's Death on 15 January 1976 in the Shanghai Harbor" written by the Shanghai Harbor Supervision Bureau CCP Committee on 21 November 1978:

.....
"Shortly after the beginning of the whistling, phone calls were continuously received from units and departments concerned at higher levels by the Harbor Supervision Bureau CCP Committee. The first caller identified himself as a representative of the Municipal Industrial and Communications Section, and the call was answered by Comrade Shen X X of the Party Committee Staff Office. The caller, probably a staff member, demanded to know the reason for the whistling in Huangpu River. At the same time, some responsible comrades of the External Affairs Section and the Navigation Administration Section reported by phone to the Harbor Supervision Bureau of the Ministry in Beijing (calls received by Ning [1337] X). As requested by the other end, they placed the phone receiver outside the window so that people at the receiving end could hear the whistling. The comrades of the Harbor Supervision Bureau of the Ministry said: 'Fine, we can hear.' 'Shanghai is doing fine.'

"Later, the Secretariat and the External Affairs Office of the Municipal CCP Committee; the Kang Office; the Secretariat of the Industrial and Communications Section, and the Harbor Administration Bureau and their higher authorities all sent their men to the Harbor Supervision Bureau to track down the first one to blow the whistle, and to find out why it had been arranged and who had given the direction. They insisted that the Harbor Supervision Bureau should send people to investigate without further delay.

"X X X was the one who came to look for Comrade Zhang X X. X X X of the propaganda section of the Harbor Supervision Bureau held a directive personally penned by Ma Tianshui (Contents: 1. Guard against enemy sabotage; and 2. Track down the first to blow the whistle). He rebuked people everywhere and insisted that Zhang X X should go down to investigate. Holding two phones with both hands and speaking into them simultaneously, he said: 'This is instruction from Venerable Ma. Why haven't you gone to investigate yet? If you don't go, I will go. Get me a car.' Comrade Zhang tried to argue with him and at the same time told Comrade Gu [7357] X X: 'Go along with him for a while.' Later Gu X X came to Wharf Number Four and asked the people there to dispatch a boat for them to go on an investigation. His request was refused. Then he went to Wharf Number Five, and told Yuyi Yacht not to whistle any more. After arguing with X X X, Comrade Zhang X X also went to Wharf Number Five and told the crew of Yuyi: 'There is an investigation going on in the city. Please don't blow any more.'

"After investigation at the Harbor Supervision Bureau, X X X went to Wharf Number Five to see what ship was still whistling. The people there asked

him: 'How do you feel about the premier's death?' He replied: 'Like everyone.' The people said: 'If so, all right.' Then he left.

"At 1320 hours, Comrade Wang X of the Ministry of Communications phoned the comrades of the Navigation Administration of the Harbor Supervision Bureau to relay the directive of the minister: No criticism and no investigation on the spontaneous action of the masses in sounding the horns.

"In the afternoon, Comrade Zhang X X arranged for Comrade Li X X of the office to tell the vessels to blow the whistle at 1300 hours when the memorial service for the premier was to begin. Li X X came to Yuyi Yacht and Tugboat Number Two and told them to resume whistling in the afternoon. The crew all said that they would certainly comply."

About the time of the whistling, groups of workers, residents, students and government cadres carrying wreaths converged from various directions on the bund and then to the Municipal Revolutionary Committee Building. Some unidentified person had given the order that the offering of wreaths was not allowed and the gate was closed as a means of checking the movement of the crowds. However, the crowd continued to swell and became irresistible. Again someone ordered that the basement be opened to them. But the people said: 'What for? If neither altar nor dirge is permitted, this will be only the storage place for wreaths.'

Close to the Municipal Revolutionary Committee Building was the hospital of the Shanghai Harbor Supervision Bureau and the Changjiang Navigation Administration Bureau. Here the cadres saw what was going on. They set up a big loudspeaker facing the Municipal Revolutionary Committee Building and installed a gramophone in a small inconspicuous conference room. The door of the room was locked inside and a Ping-Pong table was pushed against the door to reinforce the lock. The sorrowful dirge was played in response to the whistles from numerous ships in Huangpu River. All the people offering wreaths turned to the building near the Municipal Revolutionary Committee to pay their deep respects.

At the never ending strain of the dirge, Ma Tianshui and his cohorts were like scared rabbits. Ma Tianshui immediately took up his pen and wrote out an order for the "Attack by Reasoning and Defend with Force" Team to look for the persons responsible for playing the dirge. "Stop! Stop!" these people shouted all over the building, but instead of stopping, the noise from the loudspeaker grew even louder. Finally, the small conference room was discovered, and Ma Tianshui's order was flaunted. But this order was no more than a sheet of waste paper, because the cadres in the building ignored it. Then the team found a CYL branch secretary and asked her to do something in the name of the League. But she said: "I don't want to do anything!" They again got hold of a Communist Party member and urged him to intervene, hinting that his refusal might cost him his party membership. But this party member sternly rejected them, saying, "If mourning the premier can constitute an offense, I am willing to go to jail!"

The dirge by the Huangpu River lasted until very late at night, and combined with the whistles to help people vent their grief and indignation. But they had too much grief and indignation! All the investigations could not intimidate the people who, on the other hand, were looking for some new forms and new opportunities to continue their struggle.

That evening, Premier Zhou's ashes were left in the Taiwan Hall of the People's Great Hall for a while. Then in the early morning of 16 January, an airplane was ordered to take-off from a certain airfield in Beijing. There was no ceremony whatsoever, and the pilot at first did not even know what his urgent mission was about. Thus the scattering of the premier's ashes was completed and the flight lasted only slightly over 1 hour.

However, a rumor was quietly spreading. Some people said that at about 3 o'clock in the early morning, Comrade Deng Xiaoping was seen at Tiananmen Square standing in silence before the Monument and later chatting with the people around him

3. WENHUI BAO--the Firebrand

Comrade Deng Xiaoping delivered the memorial speech, and people felt a little easier. His solemn expression and forceful tone was so moving that there was hardly a dry eye. A few days later, however, people again had to worry, because the attack on him by Wang, Zhang, Jiang and Yao sharply escalated.

On 2 February, a document was relayed to the lower levels from the Central Committee, naming Comrade Hua Guofeng the acting premier to take charge of the day-to-day work in the Central Committee. At that time, people in general did not know much about Comrade Hua Guofeng; but they knew that since he had something to do with the Outline Report of the Academy of Sciences, and was the key speaker in the National Conference to learn agriculture from Dazai as well as the target of attack in the clandestine Shanghai publications, he could not be bad after all. His appointment as the acting premier was undoubtedly a severe blow to Zhang Chunqiao as well as a new obstacle to the usurpation of leadership by Zhang Chunqiao and his cohorts. On 3 February, Zhang Chunqiao, swallowing his anger, wrote his "Impressions" and clamored about "replacing the old talisman of the New Year with a new one," while preparing for even more covert intrigues.

Before then, some posters appeared, bearing the slogan "We Strongly Demand that Zhang Chunqiao Be the Premier." Zhang Chunqiao was a little chagrined by this leakage which did not help him at all. Therefore, he immediately ordered that these posters be all removed. Even this order was not quick enough for the sharp eyes of some slogan writers among the people. By simply transposing some of the characters, these writers changed the slogan to read: "Zhang Chunqiao's Insistent Demand for Premiership."

When the writer was still with the Chinese Mountaineering Team, a correspondent following the team ventured these remarks: "Their (Wang-Zhang-Jiang-Yao's) victory can be only limited!" He was probably voicing most people's sentiment. However, the situation turned out otherwise, and events developed fast.

Following the second volley to "repulse the rightist attempt to reverse correct verdicts" by the Criticism Group of the "Two Universities" in RED FLAG No 2, 1 February, BEIJING RIBAO was the first to carry Liang Xiao's article on the problem of the so-called "Unrepentent Biggest Capitalist Roadster" on 12 February. On 6 February, RENMIN RIBAO published a correspondent's commentary entitled "The Gratifying Sight of the Great Debate on Educational Revolution Forging Ahead in Qinghua University," pointing at the "still unrepentent capitalist roadster" as the so-called "source of the rightist attempt to reverse correct verdicts." RED FLAG No 3, published on 1 March, also carried an article, signed by Chi Heng [3069 1854] entitled, "From Bourgeois Democrats to Capitalist Roadsters." So Wang-Zhang-Jiang-Yao's program for seizing party and state leadership had come into the open, while the press and the radio went to great lengths in creating public opinion and demanding that all cadres and people should "take a turn" and join them in "criticizing Deng."

This was an insult to people's conscience, instinct and soul. The desire and outcry for justice was trampled underfoot and attacked. In meetings of various forms, all the accusations made were groundless, because all the articles on the bulletin boards and the texts of speeches were copied from newspapers. The clarification of stand during which people spoke what they did not mean, caused the waste of valuable time on production. No one dared to say anything that would reflect on his "mental hurdle," "low political consciousness" and "backwardness" which might reveal the "new trend of class struggle" as well as "a new method of resisting the repulse of the rightist attempt to reverse correct verdicts." What a miserable China! What a miserable 1970's! Compared with Wang, Zhang, Jiang and Yao, Hitler, well-known throughout the world for his fascist atrocities, should feel miserably inferior!

Deng Xiaoping was then the main antagonist against their plan to usurp party and state power. Yet their ultimate purpose was not the toppling of Deng Xiaoping alone. They had to overthrow the revolutionaries of the older generation still living, including Deng Xiaoping, and to hack down Premier Zhou's big tree. In the past 10 years, this big tree had sheltered many veteran generals and veteran marshals, and posed an insuperable obstacle to Wang-Zhang-Jiang-Yao's ambition. Now, although the premier was gone, the shades of his tree still remained. The premier's spirit and political qualities still inspired the revolutionaries of the older generation and the people throughout the country. Their mourning for the premier in January manifested the people's strength, which became a terror to Wang, Zhang, Jiang and Yao. So, in defiance of universal condemnation, they proceeded to "whip the corpse."

Several days before Premier Zhou's death, the henchman of Wang, Zhang, Jiang and Yao in charge of propaganda and education in Shanghai already played an "exemplary role" in newspaper editing.

"Premier Zhou followed Chairman Mao's instructions." To be deleted.

"To follow Premier Zhou's example." To be deleted.

"Premier Zhou led Shanghai workers in three armed uprisings." To be deleted. Zhang Chunqiao said: "Not many good men survived the three armed uprisings."

On several articles sent in by some news agencies, the comment was: "Not to be published."

Following is a passage from a XINHUA News Agency article of 4 March, entitled "Commanders and Fighters of a Shenyang PLA Unit Determined To Learn From Comrade Lei Feng":

"Many units have trained expositors for the story of Lei Feng. In coordination with various political movements and unit work, they will/introduce to the cadres and fighters Lei Feng's clearcut class stand, his revolutionary spirit of matching words with deeds, his communist style of promoting public interests selflessly, and his proletarian fighting will that defies personal danger, as a means of helping everyone mature in the same way as Lei Feng's and to become a new communist people of the Lei Feng type".../[in boldface]

The boldface portion was deleted by WENHUI BAO of 5 March. In this passage, the words "clearcut class stand, revolutionary spirit of matching words with deeds, communist style of promoting public interests selflessly and a proletarian fighting will that defies personal danger," as everyone knew, were from Premier Zhou's calligraphic inscription.

Again, on 25 March, WENHUI BAI carried a report under the title "The Capitalist Roader Is Still Taking the Capitalist Road; We Must Struggle Against Him," in which, a deputy secretary of a certain bureau in Shanghai was quoted as saying:

". . . he used Confucius' method of 'restraining oneself and restoring rites' and lost no time in whipping up the rightist wind to reverse correct verdicts; Confucius advocated 'benevolent administration,' and the capitalist roader in the party opposed taking class struggle as the key link and, instead, advocated the theory of the dying out of class struggle; Confucius wanted to 'revive subjugated states, preserve lineal continuity, and use cultivated persons in retirement,' and that capitalist-roader in the party wanted to put back in power a capitalist roader who had been toppled and is still unrepentant to this day"

The "capitalist roader who is still unrepentant to this day" was then known to everyone as referring to Comrade Deng Xiaoping. Then who was "that capitalist roader in the party" who wanted to put him back in power? These naive remarks could not deceive the readers. Since the movement to "criticize Lin Biao and Confucius," even common workers and peasants knew where the spearhead was pointing behind all the abuses at Confucius, the big Confucian and the prime minister.

Thanks to WENHUI BAO for providing this lead, the people could now step out to speak under the banner of protecting Premier Zhou!

Hundreds and thousands of letters and telegrams of protests, queries and condemnations went to WENHUI BAO's office, while long and short distance phone calls of protests were received from morning to evening. The masses strongly demanded that the back-stage boss of WENHUI BAO step out to account for his action. Some of these letters openly mentioned Zhang Chunqiao's name.

The "gang of four's" henchman in WENHUI BAO found himself on a hot spot and formed a special group to deal with the enraged people. So the foxy Ma Tianshui could not help showing his face. Together with his cohorts, he drafted a document, carefully weighing every word, in the hope of strengthening Shanghai's position:

"Now some people have made a lot of fuss about WENHUI BAO's reports on 5 March and 25 March and pointed the spearhead at the Party Central Committee headed by Chairman Mao. This is a serious political incident designed to split the Party Central Committee headed by Chairman Mao. We must not be disturbed by these people. We must firmly adhere to our major orientation and continue to criticize Deng Xiaoping's revisionist line.

"Relay these comments to all fronts without hesitation."

Under mass pressure, however, the WENHUI BAO drafted a 1,000-word so-called "preliminary examination." On 1 April, this mimeographed article was sent to the "Kang Office" (the office of the "gang of four's" top-level man in Shanghai located in Kangping Road). Behind an ornate desk, this henchman of the "gang of four" who was in charge of propaganda and education, bent over to read it time and again with his eyebrows knitted. Finally, he took up a "leading cadre pencil" and mumbled to himself, in his Shanghai mandarin: "Why should we be scared rabbits and let Zhang Chunqiao call us cowards?" He was immersed in deep thoughts for a while, crossed out the words "Preliminary Examination" with his pencil, and wrote "Report on the Situation from the Shanghai Municipal CCP Committee to the Party Central Committee." Then he made drastic revisions and wrote these penciled notes on the wide margin:

"...According to their recollection, the idea behind the deletion was that because Deng Xiaoping on one occasion babbled that 'Uncle Lei Feng is no longer here,' they only retained all the parts of the report on the specific advanced deeds of the Lei Feng type and deleted that part which is an evaluation on Lei Feng...We do not find anything wrong with the deletion. Later, readers continually inquired about the cause of the deletion. Some people said that we opposed the premier and even insisted on ferreting out the back-stage boss. They pointed the spearhead at the Party Central Committee headed by Chairman Mao, and attacked some leading comrades in the Central Committee. This reflects the acute and complex nature of class struggle, and shows that people are trying to interfere with the implementation of Chairman Mao's important instructions and to shift the major orientation of criticizing Deng."

Thus this henchman, who considered himself very clever, produced a political label to scare those who had written letters and made phone calls of protests. This was still not enough. The same evening, he drove to WENHUI BAO and at an enlarged WENHUI BAO CCP Committee meeting, encouraged his cohorts, saying: "You all work very hard on the night shift and have been through the test of struggle between the two lines..." It was this henchman who, on 20 April, told one of his gang members in Jiangsu: "Your (province) wants to ferret out the back-stage boss of WENHUI BAO, and I am that back-stage boss. The people have written many letters. If you want to read them, I can send them to you." Thus he was supplying ammunition for mass suppression.

Despite all their tricks, they were only trying to put out a fire with paper or adding oil to the flames. The people's fury became even more widespread.

Smoke could be seen all over the country, and sparks of anger came from every city, every village and almost every family. Even the large amount of materials used by the "gang of four" to attack the revolutionaries of the older generation helped the people in a negative way. A comrade of the Seventh Ministry of Machine Building said: "I did not know before I read this. Now I understand that Deng Xiaoping, Hu Yaobang and Zhou Rongxin had some brilliant ideas." These were excellent comments. But what enraged the "gang of four" even more was that the "political rumors" and "political jokes" of the 1975 summer continued to spread. Humor is not exactly a Chinese trait, but now Chinese humor had become highly acclaimed. These were the sparks from the clash between high-handed oppression on the one hand and courageous resistance on the other. Here the writer wants to quote a "political joke" for the readers' entertainment.

"After jumping up to the post of vice chairman, Wang Hongwen wanted to befriend Old Commander Zhu. On one occasion, their paths crossed and he greeted the Old Commander. Old Commander Zhu ignored him. Later, he raised his cane to point at the sky, pointed at him and turned around to go.

"Wang Hongwen did not know what these gestures meant and went to ask Deng Xiaoping. Deng said: 'Don't you even understand this? He meant to say that you don't know how high is the sky and how thick is the earth.'

"Intolerance on minor issues can spoil major plans,' Wang Hongwen thought; so he went to see the Old Commander a second time. Old Commander Zhu said: 'If you want to be the successor, good. But see if you can make this egg stand up.'

"After returning home, Wang Hongwen pondered over things for several days and then summoned his little brothers to help him do the trick. But no one could be of any help.

"As a final resort, Wang Hongwen went to Deng Xiaoping, who said: 'What a simple thing.' While talking he knocked the egg against the desk. 'Oh, you broke it.' Deng said: 'No break, no stand [No construction without destruction].' 'Now, don't you see it standing up?'

"Wang Hongwen spent some days in dejection. When the Spring Festival arrived, he thought: 'Let me go to offer my greetings to that old fellow and see what he will do this time.'

"To his surprise, Old Commander Zhu not only received him but also treated him to a bowl of flour balls in soup.

"Wang Hongwen ate them heartily and later returned to his car. He suddenly opened his eyes wide at some unpleasant thought. His chauffeur asked: 'Did Old Commander Zhu ignore you again?'

"He replied: 'No. He gave me a bowl of flour balls.' 'That means he wanted you to roll away like an egg [Get the hell out of here!]' the chauffeur said."

In Henan Province, a story of Deng Tobacco was in circulation. There is a county in this province called Dengxian, producing Deng tobacco which had made Dengxian quite well-known. When the "criticize Deng and oppose rightism" movement was at its height, the packaging of Deng tobacco was suddenly changed. In front of the package was the big character "Deng" while on the back was the picture of a tobacco leaf. On the sides were some dots which, if viewed carefully, combined to form the words "Xiaoping." It may be unnecessary to prove whether or not the designer did this deliberately, but the inclination of those who circulated the story was quite obvious.

People have never doubted the authenticity of "political rumors," because they were actually irrefutable facts. Could it be true that the comments on the movie "Pioneers" were also rumors? Could the story about the book "Empress of the Red Capital" be also a rumor? When you have done something

ugly, can you still forbid people from talking about it? The story about Jiang Qing's betrayal of state secrets and the "Empress of the Red Capital" began to circulate in the summer of 1975. Although they were different books, the subject matter, the main theme and the main character in them were identical. For several months, this book was on the best-seller list and the story was known to every family, including women and children. An author from Nanjing told the writer: "The whole of Nanjing city is discussing the "Empress of the Red Capital," and people are quite pleased to hear of Jiang Qing's being criticized."

True, nobody could have the capability and courage to create earth-shaking rumors to attack Jiang Qing. To do so could only bring disaster. Any tale about the reality behind the rumors could never come from ordinary people. In most cases, they came from high-level cadres. Because of our abnormal political life, these cadres were compelled to resort to this form of struggle. The spread of rumors through enthusiastic masses is itself a form of propaganda or spiritual mobilization. Therefore, the more the rumors were investigated, the more widespread they became and the more readily were they accepted as truth. Some "rumors" had been quickly traced to some high-level cadres. For example, one was traced to the National Publication Bureau and then all the way to the deputy bureau director, Comrade Long Cui [7893 3383], who had formerly worked in the premier's Secretariat. Comrade Wang Zhen [3769 7201] once rejected this investigation. The people thought: "The veteran cadres have dedicated their lives to the revolutionary cause, and yet would they create rumors? How ridiculous! If you don't want people to know it, don't do it, and that is all there is to it."

Among the numerous "political rumors," the one that has been most widely circulated and lasted the longest was probably about "Premier Zhou's Testament." The different versions of the testament were in the main the same despite slight variations. That was why it was so impressive. According to the statistics of a public security department, 6,935 copies were discovered in Anhui Province alone, and 3,028 copies had been confiscated. Its popularity can be easily imagined. It may be harmless for us to quote some passages of the testament here:

"After my second surgery, my condition remained steady for a while. Since the latter half of the same year, the cancer cells have spread. Although I still feel well, it will not be long before I will see Marx. Now I would like to report to the chairman and the Central Committee on some of my thoughts.

"During my illness, the chairman has shown me great concern, and I am very grateful. The chairman is now aged and should be careful about his own health. To have the chairman as the helmsman of the country is the greatest happiness for people throughout the country as well as the greatest comfort to me. I still vividly remember his conversation with me during the Zunyi [6690 5030] Conference. It has given rise to many

thoughts in my mind. I feel very bad because I can no longer share the chairman's work. For the sake of the future of the motherland and the people, the chairman must take good care of himself

"Comrade Chu De and Ye Jianying are also aged, and should take care of their health in order to continue to serve as good councilors to the chairman. Although they may not have to do any actual work themselves, they still play decisive roles. We belong to the same generation and have followed the chairman for many years. We must preserve our integrity in later years with even greater militancy.

"Comrade Xiaoping's work has been quite good these years, particularly in the implementation of Chairman Mao's three directives. His stand has been quite firm, and fully proves the correctness of the chairman's judgment. We must preserve our strength, request more instructions from the chairman, be very concerned for the comrades and undertake more responsibility. Hereafter, the pressure on Comrade Deng Xiaoping will be even greater. However, as long as we have a correct line, all difficulties can be overcome

"Comrades, my long sick leave has enabled me to recall the road I have traveled--the tortuous road. I can never forget the martyrs who fell before me. We were lucky to have survived. When Comrade Yun Daiying [1926 0108 5391] and I said farewell to each other, he told me: 'When Chinese people enjoy happiness, we who are still alive must visit the tombs of our dead comrades to comfort them. They can hear our voice.' I have always thought: 'What can I report to them?' . . . While about to leave this world, I recall what the martyr has said and think of the people's living conditions. I regret that I have not done enough. However, since the Great Cultural Revolution, people of our country have been heading for a bright future along Chairman Mao's revolutionary line. I am looking forward to the beautiful prospect of a powerful socialist country with modernized industry, agriculture, national defense and science and technology, and am full of confidence in victory. Death is nothing to a communist because we have dedicated our lives to the people's cause, and the people's cause is everlasting. My only regret is that I cannot join our comrades in further advancing, and in doing more to serve the people. Comrades, we must place the interests of the party and the people above all things, and, under Chairman Mao's leadership, unite to win even greater victories. As for my funeral, I have made these requests to the Central Committee: 1, that the condition of my illness be publicized to the country so as to avoid unnecessary speculations; 2, that the chairman need not attend my funeral, which should be as simple as possible, and also that Comrade Xiaoping be requested to deliver the memorial speech; and 3, that my ashes need not be preserved. Just scatter them.

"Comrades, farewell forever!

"Long Live Communism!

29 December 1975"

This "testament" was a forgery. After the downfall of the "gang of four," the writer called on two doctors in attendance. They simply shook their heads and laughed. In the afternoon of 29 December 1975, the premier was practically in a coma, and could not possibly have written such a long and coherent testament.

Yet it was precisely this forged "testament" which, during the tragic days of 1976, moved millions of people to tears. Why?

The writer is of the opinion that this "testament," though not written by the premier, was written by the masses. As mentioned in the "testament," Premier Zhou's recollection of the martyrs during his own dying hours was exactly the same as that sentiment which saddened the hearts of the Chinese people under their present living conditions. The premier's spirit of self-sacrifice for the party, the revolution, and the communist cause; and his tender feelings for comrades and comrades in arms as expressed in the "testament" were most impressive and yet so true to life. This was the main source of the "testament's" strength. Another factor was that the "testament" fully affirmed Deng Xiaoping's great achievements in his day-to-day work in the Central Committee and the unequivocal request that Comrade Deng Xiaoping should shoulder a heavier burden under greater pressure, and that he should deliver the memorial speech. All these were what the vast majority of people, and of party, state and army cadres wanted.

The spread of the "testament" terrified the "gang of four" because it was very disadvantageous to the gradual escalation of the "Criticize Deng and Oppose Rightism" Movement. The "testament" as a "political rumor" gave the "gang of four" an excuse for suppression of public opinion. On the other hand, what was printed in black and white in WENHUI BAO also provided the people with a base for counterattacking the "gang of four."

4. Inside the Stone City

Intermittent drizzles, like white gauze, enveloped the south of Changjiang River. The Qing Ming Festival seemed to have arrived in Nanjing earlier than usual.

On 21 and 22 March, people from the Nanjing New Medical School marched with wreaths in memory of Premier Zhou to the Yuhuatai [7183 5363 0669] Tomb of the Revolutionary Martyrs. A photographer took away the brocade Ribbon. The news of the missing ribbon soon spread, and because of the people's bad feelings toward the Shanghai gang, words soon went around that someone from this gang took it away. Thus on 24 March, people from the Nanjing New Medical School put up a big poster at the Xinjiakou [2450 5894 0656] Bank in a busy section of Nanjing City. This poster was like a brilliant signal flare above the Stone City.

At about the same time, students from the political science, the Chinese language and the history departments of Nanjing University signed a joint letter to the WENHUI BAO Editorial Department to question their motive in deleting the premier's inscription.

A storm was impending. Heroes are born in struggles, and the vanguard emerges out of a crowd. Revolutions are usually started by young people, and in the history of contemporary China, every major revolutionary movement found a group of enlightened intellectual youths as its vanguard or the forerunners of the age.

In March, inside the Nanjing University compound, the spring rain had just washed the newly sprouting leaves of trees, and Li Xining [2621 6007 1337], a firebrand, time and again held public or semipublic meetings. He was a young mathematics teacher and the secretary of the CYL General Branch. Like many others of his age, he had experienced 10 years of upheavals, and been through 10 years' hard thinking. In those years, he was a participant in the factional feuds and struggles with force. Now he is an electronic computer specialist and, more important still, a staunch and brave fighter ready to struggle in the search of truth.

Now, he fervently and majestically propagated his political views, and soberly and cautiously worked out his plan of action. He and his companions knew that the gang of scoundrels still lacked the courage to attack the premier openly. Therefore, they decided to take advantage of the weakness of the gang by calling for mourning the premier's death on a grand scale without any loss of time. They felt that since "a song sung at high pitch may attract few listeners," they should begin with a mild tone in order to mobilize more people. They accordingly worked out meticulous arrangements and succeeded in enlisting the support of two secretaries of the University Party Committee.

On 28 March, news was heard of the prohibition of any visit to Meiyuan Xincun [Plum Garden New Village] or Yuhuatai, and there was no time to be lost. Li Xining said: "We have now come to the last ditch of endurance. If we don't break the silence, we will die in silence!" He promptly decided to print posters overnight and was on the move early next morning before the prohibitions were publicized.

On 29 March, Li Xing, Qin Feng [4440 1496] and several other student cadres led 400 teachers and students of Nanjing University in a parade in several columns, holding high Premier Zhou's mammoth portrait and carrying huge wreaths. A big streamer bearing the words "Brilliance Will Perpetually Light the Path of Successors" written under a big Chinese parasol tree served as their vanguard. They crossed the busy section of the city, Xinjiekou, and solemnly marched toward Meiyuan Xincun. The traffic police turned on green lights for them, and the vehicles either stopped or made detours. The entrances to side streets were tightly packed, while thousands and tens of thousands of Nanjing

residents lined the road and watched this procession with tearful eyes. At the sight of this procession, people's suppressed grief and indignation were once again stirred up.

In the same morning, two eye-catching posters were put up on the bulletin board and the opposite side in the southern park of Nanjing University. They read: "Be vigilant against the usurpation of the supreme party and state leadership by people of the Khrushchev type!" and "We have to protect with our blood the state for which revolutionaries of the older generation have fought at the cost of their blood!" The next day, WENHUI BAO's reply to the letter written by the students of three different departments in Nanjing University appeared on the bulletin board. Above the reply were written these words: "Take a look and think for a while." At the same time, there was a big-character poster under the headline "Carelessness or Ulterior Motives?"

Fire had been ignited in Nanjing. It quickly spread from the university compound to the whole city, and a chain of explosions shook the Stone City!

In the evening of 29 March, at 1900 hours, a group of people, led by Qin Feng, party branch secretary of the freshmen of the special computer class of the mathematics department, holding writing brushes and ink wells in their hands and carrying rolls of paper under their arms, ran toward the Nanjing Railway Station.

"What do you come for at this late hour?" asked the railway workers.

"We come to print posters and tell those clowns that people can never excuse them for opposing Premier Zhou!" Tens of students replied in a hurry.

"Fine! Very fine! Be quick, quick! . . . "

The iron gates for the exit, the waiting hall, the baggage room were all swung open, and the students quickly rushed in. On the platform, a train was ready to go on its Trip No 82. The students immediately worked on both sides of the carriages, some printing and others pasting; and in a few minutes, several attractive posters appeared on the sides of the carriages, reading: "WENHUI BAO is pointing its spearhead at Premier Zhou. It deserves to die 10,000 deaths!"

"Whither WENHUI BAO?"

"Be vigilant against the usurpation of the supreme party and state leadership by people of the Khrushchev type!"

Many passengers stretched out of the window to look and the students clapped their hands in applause.

At 1100 hours, with the help of the railway workers, the students did the same thing to another train bound for Shanghai on its Trip No 405.

More than 1 hour later, however, when they phoned Zhenjiang to find out about the situation, the Zhenjiang Station replied: Trip 405 was stopped on arrival at Zhenjiang and the posters have been washed away.

This further infuriated these people. On the next day, when the students of Nanjing University again came to the railway station, the comrades of the Nanjing Postal and Telecommunications Academy, the Nanjing Chemical Industrial Academy, the July 21 Workers University of the Nanjing Turbine and Electrical Machinery Plant were already there, while the railway workers had prepared chlorine, paint and tar for them.

Now see if the fellows of the gang can still wash it off!

The trains running between the north and the south bore these slogans:

"If anyone dares to oppose Premier Zhou, we will smash his donkey head!"

"Ferret out WENHUI BAO's sinister backer!"

By this time, the students, railway workers and the passengers all joined forces and their warmth reached the boiling point. People laughed and cursed Zhang Chunqiao and Jiang Qing fearlessly.

On the third day, a young man with a black band on his left arm and holding a transistor loudspeaker in his right hand, again brought several companions to the Nanjing Railway Station. He was Zhang Xiayang [1728 1115 7122], a third year student of the Postal and Telecommunications Academy. After printing their posters and shouting their slogans, they entered the passengers waiting hall. Zhang Xiayang stood on a bench, raised his voice and spoke in a dignified manner. He recounted the crimes committed by WENHUI BAO against Premier Zhou, and felt positive that these rascals' plot could never succeed. He also predicted that in 2 or 3 more days, people throughout the country would rise in action. Then he went to the stores, restaurants, ticket offices and the railway station to harangue the crowds. Passengers, store clerks, traffic policemen and passers-by all stopped their work and listened to what he said, quietly and in good order. Finally, Zhang Xiayang returned to the station platform to speak through the loudspeaker toward the train. The passengers were pleasantly surprised and everyone squeezed before the window to look at the speaker. Some of them even jumped down from the carriage and surrounded him ring upon ring. Almost all the people felt excited in this militant atmosphere. Soon the bell rang for the departure of the train, and the passengers waved at Zhang Xiayang to say goodbye and to praise him as a good youth. Zhang Xiayang shouted aloud: "Please bring our posters and slogans to Beijing! Please bring the news of Nanjing to various parts of the motherland!"

Thus in one evening, the news of Nanjing was carried to various parts of the province and the country by the transiting trains and public buses.

On the same day, Qin Feng and his companions wrote his slogans on the trains with indelible chemical material, the workers in the railway station of Changzhou wrote them a letter of support. The text of the letter is as follows:

"To Worker-Peasant-Soldier Students of Nanjing University:

"We are highly pleased and greatly inspired by the slogans you wrote on the trains which we have read at the station. Your action is very fine. We railway workers firmly support you!

"People throughout the country resolutely forbid anyone to oppose Premier Zhou. No matter how cunning they may be, they can never deceive us!

"The state which Chairman Mao and the Chinese people under CCP leadership have built after sanguinary battles must never be handed over to careerists of the Lin Biao type. Those carrying out revisionism, splittism and conspiracy will certainly be toppled!

"Comrades, let us continue to fight bravely to defend Chairman Mao's proletarian revolutionary line, to defend the Party Central Committee, to consolidate the dictatorship of the proletariat, and to prevent capitalist restoration. Let us fight on even at the cost of our lives!

"With our most heartfelt revolutionary greetings,

"Workers of Changzhou Railway Station
30 March 1976"

In Tiananmen Square in Beijing, there was an ocean of wreaths which continued to swell like a tide. A new poster appeared: "Resolutely support the revolutionary action of Nanjing people." Full of excitement, people of the capital discussed the news brought from Nanjing.

The outlook in Shanghai now was different. Wearing coarse blue dresses and striped caps and holding steel rods sharpened at one end, group after group of "Attack with Reasoning and Defend with Force" heroes of Shanghai had gone into action under orders from their master. A female warrior of the "gang of four" gave this order to the Militia Command: "No posters allowed to get into Shanghai." These heroes immediately set out for the railway station, the long distance bus station and all traffic centers at the borderline between Jiangsu and Shanghai in order to "defend themselves with force" from the "attacks with reasoning" from Nanjing.

In the evening of 29 March, in a barrack of a certain unit of the Nanjing Garrison District, a 21-year-old fighter was lying in bed, feeling uneasy. His name was Xu Tongxin [1776 0681 2450], from the rural areas of Taixing

County, Jiangsu, the home village of Yang Gensi [2799 2704 1835]. For several years, he had pondered over what was happening around him and in the country. He had received a high school education, served as a correspondent, a cook, and a clerk; stayed briefly in Jiejiang to receive the new recruits, and had witnessed the actions of the smasher-grabbers and the way the "Second Armed Forces" of Wang Hongwen and Weng Senhe [5040 2773 7729] persecuted the cadres and people. Way back in March 1975, this young fighter wrote to RED FLAG, pointing out that Yao Wenyuan's article "Empiricism Is the Main Danger" was a spearhead pointing at the veteran cadres.

He carefully carried out some social investigations. When some factories near his unit held meetings to "criticize Deng," he knew that people attended these meetings only reluctantly. Some women were knitting and some men were smoking and chatting. An old worker went up to the platform to make a speech, but he did not say a single word that was critical of Deng. So he was ordered by the leaders to get off the platform. Then a young girl went up. Her speech was applauded by the leaders. After getting off the platform, the girl declared: "I indeed spoke with a loud voice, but not a single word in my speech was original. I was forced to do it!"

Shortly before and after 20 March, Xu Tongxin wrote two letters in succession urging his mother to come to the unit. Then a few days later, with the help of someone from his native village, he visited a prison just for a look. On the second night after his return, he began to draft a handbill. Working from the 26th to 0100 hour of the 30th, he wrote six copies of the handbill in which he boldly exposed all the wrongs, at the risk of being immediately arrested.

He then chose the proper hour--1730 hour when people got off work--and the proper locations--the Drum Tower of Xinjiekou, which was the most busy section of Nanjing, and the intersection of Shanxi Road. Before he departed, he told another comrade to take care of his mother just in case he did not return. His mother had then already arrived in the company unit.

Xinjiekou was then teeming with people and vehicles. Little Xu parked his bicycle against a tree by the roadside, took out the handbills and a jug of paste, and walked toward a booth in the square where a bulletin board had been set up. When he had put up all five pages of the handbill, he was already surrounded by people, all fixing their eyes on him in admiration. Someone then shouted, "Let the PLA comrade walk first!" and immediately people stood aside to make way for him. Little Xu walked away, but stopped half way to listen to the people's comments. People swarmed before the posted handbill, and an old man of more than 70 years of age walking with a cane tried to squeeze into the crowd. Someone shouted: "Let someone in front read it out!" Thereupon, a youngster, looking like a worker, read aloud:

"Our beloved Premier Zhou was Chairman Mao's close comrade-in-arms, and a long-tested great Marxist . . . For decades, he dedicated himself to the proletarian revolutionary cause and had been through various dangers and difficulties in every part of the country . . . His wisdom, courage, steadfastness in the face of the enemy; his hard work and willingness to bear the burden; and his inexhaustible energy in working selflessly have won immortal merits for the party, the people, the Chinese revolution and the world revolution

"They planned to harm and oppose Premier Zhou in the hope of undermining the army. They are now carrying on the evil designs which Lin Biao had not been able to accomplish

"Let us ferret out that careerist, conspirator and double-dealer of the Khrushchev type Zhang Chunqiao and expose him to the public!"

At the end of the handbill was the signature: Wu Bing [1776 0365] of the Second Company of 54-Type Rocket.

"Fine! So Zhang Chunqiao's name is spelled out!" People applauded and shouted slogans. The youngster who read out the handbill asked in a loud voice: "Should Zhang Chunqiao be overthrown?" "Yes!" was the chorus. The youngster asked again: "Should he?" "Yes!" was again the answer.

Some people pressed forward to read again, and some others boldly added the words "Strongly supported" followed by their signatures. This handbill was copied and passed around throughout the city. Later, it was printed into a big-character poster.

That night, Xu Tongxin returned to his barrack and was too excited to sleep. He again sent a letter with similar contents to the JIEFANGJUN BAO. His illiterate mother sat by his side simply to keep him company.

"Before liberation, how did people visit their relatives in prison?" The son suddenly faced his mother and asked.

Surprised, the mother said: "Why such a question?"

Little Xu smiled but did not speak anymore. When he was in Xijiekou that evening, he already noticed some suspicious persons hanging around in the bush.

Another early evening, a tall man, about 40 years of age, was riding a bicycle from Zhujiang [3796 3068] Road to Xijiekou. The road was full of people. This middle-aged man gently got off his bicycle, and, like most people, wanted to pass through here after work in order to read some big-character posters.

He walked over to the safety island at the west end when an army man was just talking to a young man about something in a loud voice. The middle-aged man was a little curious and wanted to go near to listen.

The army man asked: "What have you all seen?"

The young man replied: "There are posters inside the square commemorating Premier Zhou and Yang Kaihui [2799 7030 1741]. Right at the center of the booth is a newly posted small-character poster about overthrowing Zhang Chunqiao"

This very common conversation attracted the middle-aged man's attention, so he pressed forward and joined the conversation.

Probably because of his high and clear voice, or because of Chinese people's old habit to be "spectators," more and more people surrounded them. But the real reason was that the distinctive point of view expressed by the middle-aged man had some magnetic power.

The middle-aged man never thought that he would for the first time become an orator. Speaking in mandarin with some Fujian accent, and gesturing, he became more and more eloquent. He said: Premier Zhou had worked hard throughout his life for the people. Why are there still people opposing him? Why was the so-called "Repulse the Rightist Attempt to Reverse Correct Verdicts" article broadcast only 3 days after his death?

He talked about production and wages--questions which concern the people--and quoted profusely from Marxist classics. He also said that 1 month ago, he joined an inspection team on underground water in Gueizhou and saw the desolation of the land and the poverty of the people all the way. He denounced the reactionary theory as well as absurd practice of those who wielded the club of "theory of the unique importance of productive forces," and added that if this goes on, China will collapse!

He also talked about his views on "criticizing Deng," and disagreed with the various charges against him. He asked everyone to draw lessons from their experiences in the previous several years

People did not let him go even after his talk. Still surrounding him, they asked him to talk some more. The armyman tightly held his hand and said: "You have given a fine talk! The people here want to hear more. Please talk again." He said somewhat reluctantly: "I really do not have anything new to talk about now." The people still shouted: "We like to hear whatever he will say!"

"Well! I will talk once more." The middle-aged man's voice became a little hoarse, but the people around him were more eager than ever.

More people including policemen gathered around him. Traffic was brought to a standstill, but some one volunteered to maintain order. The people joined hands as though to form a wall for the speaker's protection.

When the people finally stepped aside to let him leave, they noticed the emblem of Nanjing University on his lapel. A month later, he was charged as one of the main offenders in the "Nanjing Incident". It was not until the struggle meeting held against him in the Wutaishan [0063 0669 1472] Stadium that people were aware that he was Kang Yuyi [1660 5148 5030], professor of geology in Nanjing University.

Soon after Xu Tongxin posted his handbill in the booth inside Xinjiekou Square, a cross-country van of the Water Pump Branch of the Nanjing Motor Car Plant pulled up and more than 20 persons hurriedly alighted and surged forward. In front was a woman of about 40, looking efficient and energetic.

She quickly pressed near the poster, while those behind here shouted with impatience: "Dr Wang! What is written there? Please read it out quickly!"

This doctor was Wang Yunde [3769 6663 1795]. She quickly read the handbill twice and then, standing on tip toes, announced in a loud voice the gist of the handbill.

Because she shouted too loud, her voice became a little hoarse. "Please quickly write 'Firmly supported' on it!" Yin Hui [3009 6540], a young electrician, was shaking his fist.

They did not stay in Xinjiekou long, because they had still quite a few posters to put up elsewhere. The news that students of Nanjing University had put up posters in school compounds, the busy sections of the city and in the railway station, reading "Be vigilant against people of the Khrushchev type usurping the supreme party and state leadership" and "WENHUI BAO pointing its spearhead at Premier Zhou deserves 10,000 deaths!" had already circulated around Nanjing several times. Naturally this plant was shaken up. Wang yunde's husband, Zhang Jingmei [1728 4737 5019] was a vehicle driver. The night before, he had driven to look around. By the time he returned, Wang Yunde was already busy drafting posters.

That evening, Wang Yunde, Yin Hui and Zhang Jingmei, together with scores of volunteers, asked the cook to serve supper earlier. Then around 1700 hours, they boarded the cross-country van and departed. This was their itinerary: the plant's gate--the Zhongshan [0022 1472] Gate--714th Plant--Xinjiekou--Daqing Road General Plant--New Railway Station. This was the ignition line! After the Nanjing University students, the workers of Nanjing had also taken to the streets! While putting up posters all the way, they met with the same welcome from people as the students did. While they were spreading the flames, they received revolutionary cheers from the people

"Since that PLA fighter has already spelled out Zhang Chunqiao's name in the handbill, we must do the same in our posters tomorrow!"

Early next morning at 3 o'clock, the light in the room occupied by Wang Yunde and her husband was still burning. They could not sleep after the day's excitement.

"What are you writing about?", Zhang Jingmei asked.

"You take a look." Wang Yunde handed over a sheet of paper with closely written words and many corrections.

"Jingmei, we are both communists. Now that our party is facing a crisis, can we afford not to step out? To act, we should be prepared for imprisonment or even execution. We can give no thought to our family! . . ."

On the sheet were the slogans drafted by Wang Yunde:

"Our profound memory for Martyr Yang Kaihui!"

"Down with the big careerist Zhang Chunqiao!"

"The press and radio stations of the party and the state should serve proletarian politics!"

"Criticism of Zhou will bring disorder; opposition against Zhou will ruin the country!"

"The capitalist roader of the party is creating an independent kingdom in Shanghai against the people's will!"

"He who is not afraid of death by a thousand cuts dares to unhorse the emperor!"

"Protect Our Beloved Premier Zhou with our lives and blood!"

"Down with WENHUI BAO's sinister backer Zhang Chunqiao!"

At early dawn, Wang Yunde took the drafts of posters and set out for the plant. On the circular platform at the plant's main gate, someone had already written with chalk these words:

"The spearhead of the struggle now should point at Deng Xiaoping." "When there is revolution, there is also counterrevolution." "Some people said that there are people opposing Premier Zhou; I don't think so."

Wang Yunde was furious. Forgetting that she was a lady, she cursed: "Which son of a bitch wrote this! If he has the guts to write it in broad daylight, then let us have a debate in the street!" Then with a

chalk, she wrote these comments: "The spearhead of the struggle now should point at WENHUI BAO." "A revolutionary is not afraid of death." "Some people in our plant oppose Premier Zhou."

More and more workers gathered, and hot words ensued. They wanted to grab that worker and he was so scared that he had to hide himself in a warehouse. His wife was afraid that this might make things worse and, with a bucket of water, washed away the chalked words.

Still full of anger, Wang Yunde ran up to the fourth floor to find Yin Hui and handed over the drafts to be carefully checked. She then went to get the paper and to find someone to help her copy.

In the afternoon, the cross-country van continued its original itinerary. They kept their eyes open all the way hoping to find some place with a lot of people to put up the poster attacking Zhang Chunqiao by name.

The cross-country van pulled up before a six-story building in the eastern section of Zhongshan Road in Xijiekou. Here was a big wall belonging to a certain PLA office.

As soon as they alighted, people saw that they were coming to put up posters and quickly gathered around them. By the time Yin Hui had borrowed a bench, he had difficulty making his way toward the wall.

An overseas Chinese worker of the plant stood on the bench, while Wang Yunde handed over to him the posters. When the words "Down with" went up, people began to talk among themselves: "There must be some name after these words." Two young students could not wait. Pressing forward and then flipping over the pages on the ground, they called out with excitement: "Everything will be fine if he is down!"

When the words "Down with the big careerist and big conspirator" went up on the wall, more than 1,000 people had gathered, some of them having run some distance.

The words "Zhang Chun" went up.

Now the crowd broke into a loud applause, saying: "Fine! He has to be down!"

When Wang Yunde handed the last word to Zhang Jingmei, people cried: "Turn it upside down, upside down! And put on crosses, put on crosses!"

Smiling, Zhang Jingmei posted the last word "qiao" upside down on the wall. Yin Hui picked up a heavy brush, dipped it into red ink, jumped up to the bench, and put crosses on the three characters "Zhang Chunqiao."

Along the street, children and young boys climbed up the trees. The patients in a nearby hospital also came out, and the gate of the PLA office was full of pedestrians, blocking the exit of cars.

Those who could press near enough warmly greeted the heroes, saying: "You have voiced our sentiments." An old man said: "This is more heart-warming than liquor." A veteran of the Red Army said: "This has emptied out chest." A small girl said: "Put up some more. Use more paste so the rascals can't tear them away!"

It was true that the fury of Nanjing people had been pent-up too long. For the last 10 years, because of the instigation by Jiang Qing and Zhang Chunqiao, two rival factions were formed. They engaged in struggles by force, "civil wars," "sweeping away ghosts and monsters," "checking up on '16 May' [elements]" and so forth involving hundreds of thousands of people. The "deadly" struggles, struggles by reasoning and then struggles by force, followed one after another resulting in tens of thousands of casualties and thousands of fatalities. In almost every family, a "counter-revolutionary" had been named. Through these experiences of blood and tears, people showed increasing discontent with fascism. They demanded the rehabilitation of those who had been wrongly accused of being "16 May" elements. In 1975, when Comrade Deng Xiaoping was taking care of day-to-day work in the Central Committee, the situation in Nanjing began to improve, and production showed signs of recovery. As soon as people began to feel hopeful, they were again given a hard blow, and Premier Zhou's death further aggravated the situation. When the people of Nanjing had time to reveal their suffering, big trouble was again brewing.

However, was this true only of Nanjing?

The Nanjing Incident was only a curtain-raiser to the Tiananmen Incident!

5. Flames of Anger--the First Stage

In the capital, there was a gloomy, grey sky with warm and cold spells in alternation. By this time in previous years, people had already put on their spring dresses. This year, however, there were frequent cold spells and most people had to wear cotton-padded jackets. Aside from the noise of vehicles, people could not hear laughter or random talks. Trees stretched out their leafless branches, while tall buildings towered into the sky of whirling winds . . . Besides the noise of propaganda machines, everything was quiet and dull. Yet something was happening, as people could hear. Vegetables were again in short supply, and trains were always behind schedule . . . People placed their hopes in Deng Xiaoping, but now he had to step aside. The premier's death still rankled

It was near the end of March when a column of elementary school students, escorted by their teacher, went to the Monument to the Heroes of the People. In front of the column was an ordinary wreath.

He Jiesheng [6320 2212 3932], daughter of He Long, was a party history worker in the Historical Museum. From the window of the museum, she saw the small students and that wreath, and immediately went out of the museum building by its western door.

She was not tall and was of slender build, but very agile. She quickly came near the students and joined them in mourning Premier Zhou.

"Do you come to observe the tomb festival?" She asked the teacher, who acted as the escort.

"Yes."

"So early?"

"Because we are thinking of the premier!"

He Jiesheng observed the teacher's vigilant eyes and stopped. She loved the premier very deeply. When she was only slightly over 1 year old, she followed on horseback the Red Army on its Long March. When the Second Front Red Army, the First Front Red Army and the Fourth Front Red Army joined forces in Baoan, Premier Zhou helped her off the horse and said, with his mouth close to her small face: "The Second Front Red Army has had a hard time. You are a little heroine on the Long March!" The premier also gave her the name Jiesheng, meaning congratulation on her victory. When the ashes of her father He Long were placed in Babaoshan, Comrade Ye Jianying was the one originally nominated to deliver the memorial speech. Everybody was surprised when suddenly the premier arrived in a hurry, despite his own serious illness. He was too thin, and his dress no longer fit him, because the collar was dropping down above his chest. With his emaciated hand, he held Jiesheng's and talked to her very tenderly

He Jiesheng could not control her tears when she saw the students' wreath being placed below the Monument

This was the first wreath to appear in Tiananmen Square. However, according to the version of a public security department, the first wreath was from Comrade Zhang Xuelin [1728 1331 2651] of Xuixi County, Anhui Province. In the afternoon of 22 March, Zhang Xuelin arrived at the Fuliji [4569 4418 7162] Station. For 3 months in a row, he had not taken a day off, and had accumulated more than 10 days leave. He obtained 23 yuan, his remaining wages for the month, and bought some provisions. However, he had not enough money left to buy a through ticket to Beijing. So he had to travel section by section. He got stuck in Tianjin. He told the station personnel that he took part in the fighting to liberate Tibet in 1953, was wounded and stayed in Yanan [7161 1344] Hospital, where he was visited by Premier Zhou. He said: When he saw the premier meeting foreign

guests on the screen, having difficulty in walking and his complexion pallid, he felt very uneasy. He added: When he was in Tibet, he saved his pay for 2 years to buy two deer antler tips. One of them was put in a small bottle protected by a wooden box, ready to be presented to Premier Zhou. Now, he wanted to send a wreath to Tiananmen Square . . . The station personnel were moved by what he said, and agreed to donate to him a train ticket to Beijing. He arrived in Beijing in the morning of 23 March. He found the "Beijing Silk Flower Factory," and with his remaining 10 Yuan, bought a wreath. He also asked the people to write on the scroll "Respectfully presented to the beloved Premier Zhou," and his own name was written as the sender. He carried the wreath himself to Tiananmen. On the way, a small sedan pulled up by his side and an old cadre, a stranger to him, invited him into the car. Thus he and the wreath were delivered all the way to the Monument

Which was the first wreath? It is hard to determine now, because there must have been thousands and tens of thousands of people making, or thinking of making wreaths!

A few days later, wreaths below the Monument continued to accumulate. By 30 March, even the lowest platform was fully covered. The white wreaths, under the morning glare, turned into a big fiery red mass, which seemed to have been raised high above the ground by the Monument. People saw the fire, and the fire seemed to burn more furiously. When people acclaimed the fire, it sent out even higher flames. People ran around to tell about the fire as though they too wanted to become fire

In the morning of 30 March, at 6 o'clock, a column of PLA comrades crossed the Square. They made their way among the people wearing grey, blue and black dresses and made themselves even more conspicuous. When people saw the PLA, their spirits rose higher than ever. They were very eager to know to which unit the comrades belonged. When the wreath was placed below the bass-relief on the northwest side of the Monument, people saw these words written in bold strokes on the scroll: Logistic Department of the Second Artillery Corps, followed by 24 names. This was the first wreath from the army.

The next day, one of the wreath donors, Little Li, came to Tiananmen Square. He was thinking of their wreath and wanted to see if it was still there. The money for the wreath was collected as though it was party membership dues. They presented their wreath so early only because they wanted it to remain there longer. They had already learned that every evening, some people were ordered by the "higher authorities" to remove the wreaths secretly.

In only 1 day, the platform of the Monument became a square flower terrace.

Little Li came to the northwest side, because it had been their intention to leave the space in the central portion for other people. But their wreath was not there. Where had it gone? Suddenly, he found that their

wreath had been removed by some unknown person to the central portion of the monument platform to be linked up with others by a coarse wire and tied securely to a post. This was apparently a precaution against theft.

Little Li forced his way forward and found the white ribbon in their wreath covered with closely written words. When he came closer, he saw that some of the words were written with fountain pens, others with ball pens and still others with pencils, all being people's signatures. His mind immediately warmed up. He thought: "We are linked with the masses heart-to-heart!"

He took out his fountain pen and notebook, and began to make a list of the names, all of which were unfamiliar to him.

Suddenly someone grabbed him. When he turned around, he saw two stalwart PLA fighters with serious faces and angry eyes.

"What are you doing? Making up a black list?" One of them asked.

"Preparing to settle the score later? Hand over the notebook! . . . "

People immediately swarmed near and surrounded Little Li ring upon ring.

"Hand it over!"

"Hand it over!"

"Ask him how he feels about the premier!"

"Find out his unit!"

Little Li hastily defended himself: "Comrades, have no misunderstanding. No misunderstanding "

"What misunderstanding! Hand over the notebook!"

Little Li waited for the wave of angry voices to subside and then said loudly: "Comrades, you are mistaken. This wreath was brought here by me. If you don't believe, here is my identification "

The two PLA fighters took over his ID Card and looked at his honest face.

"Did you bring this wreath here?"

"Yes, see, here is my name."

The two fighters found his name on the scroll and compared it with the ID Card. Then the serious looks disappeared from their faces.

"What do you copy these names for?"

"They show strong support from the masses. I want to show my comrades these names so they know we have the masses on our side"

The two fighters laughed and turned around to speak to the others:
"Comrades! He is from the Second Artillery, and this is the wreath they brought here. He copies the names to show his comrades that they have mass support. He is a fine example. The Second Artillery is a fine example"

There was immediately loud acclaim among the masses and some of them applauded, saying: "He is a fine example! Second Artillery is a fine example!"

"Hold him up and let us look at him!"

The two PLA fighters apologized to Little Li, and each of them holding one of his thighs, lifted him high up

When the writer checked with the Second Artillery 2 years later, the comrades of this unit still did not know the identities of these two PLA fighters or the unit to which they belonged. But this was the news about the first wreath from the army barrack and about the commander detailing some fighters to guard the wreaths day and night. This news quickly spread and greatly cheered Beijing City. This wreath proclaimed that our PLA is firmly standing on the people's side!

Later, the Second Artillery sent six more wreaths, while many more wreaths were being made of bigger sizes and better workmanship. On 1 April, 24 persons, with three assistant supervisors in the lead, again completed a big wreath. On the scroll were 24 signatures deliberately arranged as a round robin so that people could not find the leader. When the wreath was completed and placed by the building, one order after another came prohibiting the presentation of wreaths. The leadership concerned called the 24 persons together and held five meetings in succession. They were forbidden to present the wreaths.

Normally, these 24 comrades had been quite strict in observing army discipline, but this time, they disregarded the orders. Before the premier's death, they usually watched from the road the premier going in a car to the airport to meet foreign guests. On 11 January, after the premier's death, they saw instead the premier's hearse, which only made a one-way trip. Before the premier's car, there was usually a motorcade to clear the way. Today, as the people's fighter, they still wanted to clear the way for the premier so that he would not run into miasma.

However, since it was no longer possible to requisition a car, how would the wreath be sent? Several comrades thought of Driver Little Cheng [4453] who was particularly devoted to the premier.

"Little Cheng, I have something to discuss with you."

"What is it?"

"We want you to help send a wreath."

"Send a wreath? No problem."

"Are you afraid of being involved?"

"No. I have no family and am alone. The most I have to do is to return to my village to do farming."

"You have not yet been admitted to the party. This matter may affect your admission"

"For this job, I am willing even though I may be debarred from the party."

Early the next morning, when the sky was just getting bright, the wind blowing against the face, though mild, was still very cold. The house and trees were enveloped in thin haze. Little Cheng pushed out a motor-tricycle. Somehow the door was jammed. Taking off his wool-padded coat, he climbed through the rear window, and another comrade pushed the coat through the window after him.

The wreath was placed on the trailer behind the engine. Then 24 comrades, every one of them wearing a white rosette and a pair of white gloves, walked out of the barrack behind the trailer in a column of two.

It was the time for people to go to work. The road was lined with people on both sides, and this column was really impressive: The white rosette and the white gloves matching with the red emblems on their hats and collars were particularly attractive. The people lining the road were evidently there to welcome this party. The voices of admiration, surprise, sobs and other comments could be heard by these PLA men all the way.

"Which unit is this from? How impressive!"

"These are really worthy sons and brothers of the people!"

Little Cheng, the driver, seemed to feel the gazes of admiration being concentrated on himself. But he kept a steady look at the road ahead. He thought: "I have not had the happiness of driving the Premier's "Red Flag" sedan, I must do well in presenting this wreath." Yet an unbearable thought entered his mind: "Oh, Premier, I am sorry I can only drive this tricycle for you, and drive in this manner"

Behind this column, hundreds of bicycles soon followed. On these bicycles were workers, sales clerks, soldiers, government cadres A long impressive column appeared in Changan Boulevard.

Now they reached Tiananmen, and below the Monument, two comrades solemnly unloaded the wreath and carefully placed it against the balustrade. Little Cheng fished out a fountain pen from some comrade's pocket.

"What do you want?"

"To sign my name."

"You better not sign. You have already taken great risk in sending this wreath. If you sign your name, you may be even more deeply involved."

"No! I must sign"

Thus by the side of the 24 signatures appeared the 24th.

That day, a formidable order arrived: "Anyone presenting a wreath will be strictly disciplined."

The female comrades of the Second Artillery had already prepared their wreath. They said to the leading comrades:

"You are veteran cadres, and joined the Red Army at an early age. You have followed Chairman Mao and been together with Premier Zhou for a long time. We know how you feel about the premier. Should there be any checking up later, we will say that whatever we are doing has nothing to do with you"

The several leading comrades shed tears. But they were still afraid that these female comrades would get into trouble. They must protect their own fighters, particularly because they were young girls. So several persons watched the wreath until late at night

Midnight was fast approaching. The job of watching the wreath was taken over by the engineering team, and the wreath was moved to a new location.

The usually affable librarian Little Wang, with the cooperation of several female soldiers, searched every part of the building late at night

The building was completely dark, and people were sleeping, leaving some sentries standing guard at the main gate and the building entrance.

They asked the sentries: "Do you know where is the wreath?"

"I don't know." The fighter was quite sympathetic, but he really did not know.

Then they entered the building, groping in the dark from the first to the sixth floor, and then down to the first floor again. But still she could not find the wreath. It was already 1 o'clock in the morning. They again searched the yard and ran into two guards.

The girls asked: "Let me ask you two: Do you love Premier Zhou?"

"Who doesn't. But why this question?"

"Then do you want to be represented by the wreath we have made?"

"Certainly "

The girls blinked their eyes and said: "Well, tell us where is the wreath, if you know."

The two guards pouted their lips toward the upper floor.

The girls went up and found the room. They gently pushed open the door . . . the fighters there were sleeping. The girls gently and quickly groped around and finally found the wreath. The guards helped them carry it out of the building and then on to the trailer of a tricycle.

While there was not much traffic along Changan Boulevard, nine female fighters, some peddling tricycles and others riding bicycles, and still others riding as "second class" passengers, set out for Tiananmen Square. Some of them did not know how to peddle tricycles and fell. But they got up and peddled again. They said indignantly: "We cannot send the wreath in broad daylight. How horrible! If the premier is still here, we must report this to him!"

Zhou Yinpeng [0915 5391 7720], deputy political commissar of a certain unit under the Second Artillery stationed in the Beijing suburbs suddenly received a phone call ordering him to get back the wreath quickly. The wreath was sent from the caller's own unit. He figured that the tricycle carrying the wreath would soon reach the Capital's Stadium.

He put down the phone and thought: "How to get it back?" He knew it when the wreath was sent. However, because of the order from above, he had pretended that he did not know. Now that the higher authorities had this information, he could not openly disobey the order. He pondered for a while and took up the phone with one hand. Today, the phone seemed to be heavier than a dumb bell. With the other hand, he dialed the number slowly to ask for a car from the driver squad. The first time, he got the wrong number; so he dialed again. Again wrong number! He tried the third and the fourth time, but the numbers all turned out to be wrong. He spent half an hour in dialing before he finally got the right number.

By the time he went down the floors, his mind had been made up and he became steady.

While starting the car, the driver asked: "Deputy Political Commissar, what do you go there for?"

"To get back a wreath."

"To get back a wreath?" The driver was momentarily dazed, and he could see that the deputy political commissar was unhappy.

"Hey! Drive slowly. Today, there must be many people sending wreaths on the way. Be sure to drive slowly and be safe"

The driver knew what the deputy political commissar had in mind, and put the car in the lowest gear. The car drove slowly out of the gate.

The deputy political commissar half closed his eyes to relax in the car. But his mind was busy with some navigation problem, trying to figure out where the tricycle would be and at what time. The driver drove slowly, rather stopping for 3 minutes than trying to save 1 minute. He deliberately avoided the shortcuts.

Finally, the jeep reached Tiananmen Square. From afar, the deputy political commissar saw the tricycle being parked below Marx's portrait. A crowd of people were carrying wreaths to the center of the Square. Therefore, he told the driver: "Circle around once"

The driver turned his steering wheel. The car drove southward from the gate of the People's Great Hall and then came to the junction of Eastern Jiaominxiang

When the jeep drove to the north of the Square, the mourning ceremony held by the fighters had already ended. Now Zhou Yingpeng came down from the car and looked at the wreaths.

The fighters were frightened at the sight of the deputy political commissar.

"Deputy Political Commissar, why do you come here?"

He forced a smile and said: "To chase after you!"

"To chase after us?"

"Yes, to chase after you! Now you have accomplished your task and I have accomplished mine."

On 30 March at 1330 hours, or 7 hours after the arrival of the first wreath from the Second Artillery, an elegy appeared on the Monument for the first time, titled "Mourning Our Beloved and Respected Premier Zhou, and Pledging To Fight a Bloody Battle Against the Bourgeoisie to the Very End!" signed by Cao Jie [2480 2638] and 28 other comrades of the Theoretical Group of the Beijing Trade Union Council. The elegy was written with a fountain pen and was surrounded by a fringe of white flowers. This was undoubtedly the first elegy posted in the Square. The direction of its spearhead was also beyond question.

In the same afternoon, Han Zhixiong [7281 1807 7160], a young worker of Beijing No 2 Fang Xiu [2075 0208] Company, squeezed into a tightly packed crowd. In his loud and clear voice, he read his eulogy. The long prose poem "Three Crows" was beginning to take shape in his mind.

On 1 April, another elegy appeared. This one was written by He Yanguang [6320 1693 0342], deputy chairman of the Chemical Fiber Plant in Congwen ward, and his comrades in arms, reading:

"The bourgeois representatives dressed in sham Marxist mantles (in fact garments of a queer bourgeois style) will certainly reveal their real features before the revolutionary people, having been tempered in the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, and will seek their own doom. Let us give full play to our militant and dauntless spirit and struggle with people of the Khrushchev and Lin Biao types through to the end! Marxism will triumph! Revisionism will be defeated!"

Wreaths arrived one by one

Elegies appeared one by one

On 2 April, hundreds of workers of the 109th Plant of the Chinese Academy of Sciences carried four big, attractive placards on which poems were written, along Beijing's busiest roads, the Wangfujing and the Changan Boulevards and finally reached the northern side of the Monument to Heroes of the People. These placards attracted hundreds and thousands of people. The base of the Monument was tightly packed. Even the space below the balustrade was full of people. In different dialects, they called aloud to the placard bearers: "Raise them higher!" "Raise them even higher!"

Several young people placed the placards against the wall of the Monument platform because of the numerous wreaths already there and the lack of any better location. The shouts of the masses gave them an idea. One of them climbed up on the shoulder of another and went to a high spot on the platform to give directions. "Fine! Just like this!" "A little closer!"

On the two placards placed on the right side, the words read: "The red hearts have already borne fruits of victory; blue blood has again nurtured revolutionary flowers." On the two placards on the left, the words read: "If monsters dare to spit poisonous fire, there are people ready to catch freaks and attack ghosts." Someone had brought with him pliers and wires, and the four placards were securely tied to the Monument.

The three young men came down from the platform and went into the crowd with everyone gazing at them in admiration

On the same day, in the office of the 502 Institute of the Seventh Ministry of Machine Building, Xu Hailiang had already drafted several couplets to be written on the mourning scrolls. On 15 January, he could not return

to Beijing in time from Shanghai and therefore was unable to join the comrades of his institute in the struggle in the Square. He felt very bad about it. Like many others, he thought of the Qing Ming Festival. He was not bold. He came from an ordinary working people's family, and began schooling after Liberation. Obedience to the party and hard work had been all along his articles of faith. However, what had happened in China in recent years disturbed his peace of mind. Especially after his return from the satellite launching site, his dejection and indignation became unbearable. He felt himself changed; he had become impatient and very irritable. He felt that he must have to raise his voice. "Can people like me be antiparty?" He asked himself. Then he answered for himself in the negative: "No, impossible! We are only protecting the party!"

Then, touching his black-rimmed eyeglasses with three fingers, as he had habitually did, he said to the comrades around him: "If I write anything at all, I have to make it hot." He then let the others choose one from his collection and they picked up one that was also satisfying to him. The couplet was written on the scroll and put on the wreath which they had made together. It read:

"Remembering the martyrs and shedding tears, we pledge to carry on their
work;

Hating wild beasts and raising our heads, we wield our weapons."

Although urgent notices prohibiting the sending of wreaths had already been received, Xu Hailiang and his comrade decided to send the wreath to Tiananmen Square nevertheless.

On 3 April, the mountain of wreaths in Tiananmen Square had already extended to the north of the flagpoles far away from the Monument, and many people were standing guard over them. Many wreaths were hung on the lampposts with the white ribbons fluttering in the cold breezes.

That evening, the writer left the mountaineering team and hurried to the Square. There he saw a small-character poster on a white stony wall on the eastern side of the Monument under the heading "WENHUI BAO Questioned." A young man carrying a shoulder bag was there reading aloud:

"March 24 WENHUI BAO is hereby seriously questioned:

Which road are you taking?

Whom are you representing?

For whom did you sound the discordant note?

Let us warn WENHUI BAO:

Don't be the mouthpiece of wolves!

Chinese people are politically conscious

And don't take the Soviet Revisionist road.

Anyone who dares to oppose Premier Zhou

Will eventually be toppled!"

The listeners applauded and thronged the place. Many more were coming wave after wave.

Late at night, with flashlights in hand, people gathered at the eastern side of the Monument and were unwilling to leave. They heard the prose poem of Han Zhixiong, which was like a dagger:

"History fades away in space and yet remains forever in space. History has monuments [for heroes] as well as execution ground for monsters. History is the judge. Who are the masters of history? We--the proletariat and the working people! History honors the loyal officials of people with monuments--they will be forever remembered. History drags traitors to the execution ground and kills them in anger. In the past and now today, some crows have been flapping their black wings and cawing raucously. While people in grief mourn at the Martyr's Monument, these crows jeer and screech with joy"

The people who stayed there throughout the night had learned to be more militant and resourceful.

8. Qing Ming Festival

It was now Qing Ming Festival. Early in the morning, vegetable peddlers and pedestrians alike fixed their gazes at the constantly increasing number of workers at the Dongdan intersection. Many of these workers had bloodshot eyes, having just gone off night shift. They came here before returning home for a rest. They stood on the pavement or around the wreaths. The road was not blocked by their increasing number; on the contrary, traffic seemed to be more orderly than usual. The people were wise, because they knew some persons were watching them from hidden places like hawks. Therefore, the people did not want to give them any excuse. They all understood this and there was no need to warn one another.

The cold breeze conveyed the conversation of some pedestrians: "It is from the Shuguang [2462 0342] Electric Machinery Plant . . . Yes"

The Shuguang Electric Machinery Plant was located in the northeastern suburbs of Beijing and quite close to Dongdan. The workers had chosen Dongdan for their rendezvous. Shortly after 0800 hours, more than 3,000 workers formed a column of eight, carrying 34 wreaths of different sizes. These wreaths were carried in a single file at the center, beginning with the smallest one and followed by others of gradually larger sizes. Yuan Haizhang [0337 3139 4545], member of the plant party committee, was then talking to the workers in the Shanxi dialect. He was of medium height, aged over 50, with a simple and honest face. He said: "Comrades! Every workshop and every section of our plant are now going to present wreaths to mourn the premier. This is a solemn affair. To guard against trouble and to prevent disruptions by bad people, I want to mention three points, and hope everyone will carefully listen. First, when we reach the Square,

there must be no disorder. Many people are there. Secondly, we must observe discipline. We must not let anyone who does not belong to our plant infiltrate into our ranks. Thirdly, we will hold a simple ceremony in the square. As long as everyone can observe these three points and if there is still trouble, I will be responsible "

Yuan Haizhang never thought how his words had moved the workers or how these same words would later get him into trouble. He was from a poor family and joined the Chinese PLA at the age of 16. He was assigned to the Central Guards Regiment and frequently saw Chairman Mao, Premier Zhou, Commander Zhu, Marshal Ye, Deng Xiaoping and other Central Committee leaders. Their brilliant integrity, moral quality and work style had given him valuable education and left everlasting effects. After Liberation, he returned to civilian life. The central authorities still had a profound influence on him and he always encouraged himself to work hard to contribute to the building of a prosperous and strong New China. These noble sentiments, however, were recently obscured by one dark shadow after another. To people who had attended on the premier like him, Premier Zhou's death was indeed a severe blow. He knew what Premier Zhou's death would mean. How can an upright Communist Party member like him help worrying?

The column, with a poem placard in front and a line of wreaths in center, marched along the northern side of Changan Boulevard toward the west. The policemen at the intersection of Wangfujing and Nanchang Streets turned on the green light. They reached Tiananmen Square in good order and then starting from the People's Great Hall, they circled around the pine bush and then past the front of the Historical Museum before finally stopping between the Monument and Tiananmen.

This was the biggest column with the most wreaths in these several days. The masses made way for them and cast appreciative glances at them. Facing the Monument, the 34 wreaths were arranged in a straight line from west to east beginning with the smallest one and ending with the largest one. The workers stood behind the wreaths in a square formation, and the masses around them joined hands to form a human wall to prevent jay walkers from disturbing their solemn mourning ceremony. Yuan Haichang stood among the workers, and, like all the others, wore a black armband and a white rosette. Everyone present listened to the memorial speech and joined in singing the Internationale. When the dirge was broadcast, people of other units gave their own amplifier to the comrades of Shuguang Plant. The voice was amplified tens of times, resounding around the monument

When the sun was above the southeast side of the sky, the Square was literally saturated. From the rostrum of Tiananmen to the Monument, wreaths were everywhere, even hanging on all the flagpoles and lampposts. Some of the wreaths carried the premier's picture, while others carried poems. The wreaths, arranged in tiers, looked like waves surging toward the Monument, which resembled a peak towering toward the open sky in a sea of wreaths

While the column of the Shuguang Electric Machinery Plant was entering the square like a torrent, a young worker, holding an oblong piece of white brocade, walked toward the Monument. While walking, he read out his own poem:

"Charge forward, Comrades!
Advance, Comrades in arms!
Let us take over from the older generation
That very very heavy responsibility,
And struggle at the foremost front.
Be loyal to Chairman Mao forever
And join Premier Zhou in merry laughters."

This young worker, Wang Haili [3769 3139 0500] was from the Electric Power Section of the Beijing Railway Fengtai Substation. The night before, he had cut his left hand with a knife and collected his blood in a basin. Then with his blood, he wrote on the white brocade his own pledge:

"Dear Premier Zhou, we shall defend you with our very lives!!!
--The Red Younger Generation
of the Chinese Proletariat."

The crowd saw his bandaged hand and the pledge written in blood, and converged on him. They held him up and pushed little white flowers into his other hand. Then waving his bandaged hand, he led the others in singing the "Internationale."

The strains of the "Internationale" could be continually heard all over the square. Now, people noticed in the sky two huge balloons trailing white streamers, but no one knew when they were floated. In harmony with the mountain of wreaths and ocean of poems below, the streamers contained four big characters, each reading: "Learn from the Premier" and "Carry the revolution through to the end!" All these combined to present a spectacle of unparalleled majesty and beauty

Amid the majestic strains of the "Internationale," He Yanguang [6320 1693 0342], Party Committee member of the Congwen Ward Industry Bureau, and his comrades in arms put up a small-character poster on the balustrade, reading:

"1. Why have some people split Chairman Mao's Three Directives and set them against one another? At whom is the spearhead pointing?

"2. The return of veteran cadres to work is called 'the Home-coming Legion' and 'capitalist roaders returning to power.' This is a negation of Chairman Mao's cadre line. Does it mean a reversal of the verdict on Lin Biao's reactionary line?

"3. Restriction of bourgeois rights by discarding the material base is a negation of 'a bourgeois country without a bourgeois class' as Lenin called us. Who has expanded bourgeois rights after all?

"4. Does the 'communism' of three persons mean the happiness of 3 billion people in the world?"

Amid the majestic strains of the "Internationale," Jing Xiaodong [2529 2556 0392], former worker of the Beijing Electric Machinery Plant posted his long poem on two wreaths on the northwestern side of the Monument. I read:

"Premier, rest in peace!
Instead of empty flattery
People use their pearl-like tears
To record your immortal work in history.
Without any fanfare,
We have ensconced your lofty image
In the innermost sanctum of our minds!
. . . ."

Amid the majestic strains of the "Internationale," Wang Yanjun [3769 3601 6975], a bespectacled female teacher of medium stature, took over a transistor loudspeaker and read out with great emotion:

"Where are we today? Where are we today?
Hundreds of millions are around our beloved premier!
What to do tomorrow? What to do tomorrow?
Write in blood a new chapter of the continuing revolution.
Let the militant banner, stained with martyrs' blood,
Flutter above the motherland forever!
Oh, this is our beloved Premier Zhou,
The biggest hope of our children!
. . . ."

Columns of Young Pioneers spent their day in the Square, while CYL members held their oath-taking ceremony. Poems and handbills were posted on the Monument and the wreaths, and read out by people in clear and forceful voices. Songs, orations, sobs and slogan shoutings intermingled and resounded in the air, giving people the impression that all hatred, delight, anger, grief and pleasure in the world were concentrated in this place. Like a torrent, the noise made its way into the Historical Museum, the People's Great Hall, back to the Monument, and then up along it into the sky

The people forgot about the time and their weariness. Along all roads converging on the Square, people bringing along their friends, helping the aged, and leading the children by the hand, were like numerous streams pouring into the sea.

Two children, the older one not more than 6 or 7 years old, and the younger one about 3 or 5, carried a wreath made by themselves, of about 1 foot in diameter. There were only three flowers and some branches. These children solemnly walked toward the Monument

Two girls with short pigtails, probably secondary school students, stood before the monument for fully half an hour. Before them was spread on the ground a white handkerchief, on which were placed several apples. Behind the apples was a picture of the premier. . . .

An old woman with a very pallid face was helped on the way by two persons flanking her. With her violently trembling hand, she placed a little white flower on the wall. People later learned that she was a patient in a nearby hospital suffering from cancer, which had already spread. She changed her dress, tricked the doctors and nurses, and took a bus to the Square. A few days later, this veteran Communist Party member died

Hundreds of thousands of bicycles were left unwatched around the square. They were all neatly parked, and not a single one was missing. A bicycle key dropped by somebody was found and placed on the balustrade. No one took it. A professional pickpocket left a note on the balustrade saying: "Hereafter, I will never steal again"

How many politicians and sociologists in the world have often been baffled by the problems of social and national order! If they want to find something enlightening, here it is--an unprecenented phenomenon in China which deserves to be studied and pondered over.

At 1600 hours, a gigantic metal wreath entered Tiananmen Square. People swarmed near it, but they voluntarily made way for the wreath to pass. Hundreds and thousands of people walked after this wreath, some of them shouting: "Let them smash!" "Let them burn!" "The working class is a good model!"

The making of this metal wreath was quite a job! Just 1 or 2 days before, the workers of the Beijing Heavy Electric Machinery Plant were impatient about sending their wreath to Tiananmen Square to show their remembrance of the premier. However, they could not buy the paper to make wreaths with. The store clerk said: "The higher authorities have ordered that this type of paper cannot be sold." Those workers living in the city passed by Tiananmen when they came and went off duty. They discovered that that wreaths presented during the day could not be found at night. They heard that the wreaths had been burned. Their impatience turned into indignation.

Guo Yuwang [0753 0645 2489] and several workers knew that the propeller workshop were making a metal wreath. He went over to take a look and got an idea. This metal wreath could not be burned or moved away, and was

exactly what everyone wanted. However, the one being made was too small, and they wanted a much bigger one. More than 300 workers in the workshop agreed with Guo Yuwang's proposal.

Starting at 0700 hours of 3 April and working up to 0200 hours of the following day, they made the metal wreath in 18 hours. It was 7.5 meters tall and weighed about 1 ton. The outermost fringe consisted of seven white metal flowers, each measuring 60 centimeters in diameter. These seven white flowers symbolized the 700 million Chinese people. The second fringe consisted of 29 purple metal flowers which stood for the 29 provinces and municipalities. On the third fringe were 30 flowers made of glass cloth, symbolizing the 3 billion people of the world. All were made of fire-resistant materials. The workers made it in an open ground of the workshop. Because the frame was too tall, some worker had to stand in a metal drum to be hoisted by a crane when he sprayed the paint. Six or seven female workers of the workshop worked continuously for more than 10 hours in cutting metal sheets into the shape of flower petals, and, after the job, some of them had bleeding from between their thumbs and index fingers.

At 2000 hours on 3 April, while the workers were redoubling their efforts, a deputy secretary of the plant party committee arrived.

"Stop it immediately! Who told you to make it? The higher authorities have forbidden this. Why do you still make it? Eh? You make it with metal too! Don't be fooled by the class enemy!"

The workers surrounded him and asked: "Which one among us is the class enemy? You speak"

The workers knew all about this man. He was about 20 and his qualification for the post of deputy secretary of the Municipal CYL Committee and concurrently the deputy secretary of the plant CCP Committee was highly questionable. He was full of arrogance.

The workers simply ignored him. So he had to leave.

Guo Yuwang was very angry, and in a moment of carelessness, his sleeve was stained with a big patch of red paint. Just then, Old Xiu [0208], secretary of the party branch came and said: "Old Guo, be careful. Your dress is stained." Guo was still angry, and said to the secretary: "Never mind! I'll keep the stain as a souvenir! That deputy secretary was so impudent!"

Xiu said: "Don't be mad just because of him. You people just go on with your work. If he comes again, tell him to see me."

Guo Youwang was greatly encouraged by Xiu's works. His anger immediately subsided, and he smiled: "Several deputy directors in our workshop supported us. Old Sun, secretary of the plant, is a veteran Red Army cadre with a profound love for the premier. We know he would not stop us. If that deputy secretary comes again, we will let you handle him."

Then Guo Youwang told Secretary Xiu about the arrangements for the wreath to be sent. Xiu said: "Good, go ahead! But who will lead the procession? I am the secretary and cannot show my face. How about you? But be careful, because the higher authorities have already prohibited the sending of wreaths. Secretary Sun was forced to read the notice to us. If anything goes wrong, he will be on the spot. So be careful by all means"

Seeing Xiu's serious expression, Guo Youwang opened his eyes wide and raised his eyebrows. He was fully aware of Xiu's responsibility as well as his own. He said seriously: "Well, I will lead the procession!"

At 0200 hours on 4 April, more than a score of youngsters, directed by Fang Junfu [2455 0193 4395] lifted the 1-ton metal wreath. At first, they wanted to hide it somewhere near the gate, because that would facilitate its exit and keep it from being discovered. However, by the time they came to the gate, these youngsters were already soaking with perspiration and panting furiously. Fang thought: "Although these youngsters are strong, this is very heavy for them. They have worked past midnight and then carried such a heavy object. They need some rest, even though they are made of steel." Out of concern for them, he said: "Just leave it at the gate. Nobody would steal it at this hour. Besides, one or two men can't move such a heavy thing."

Wiping their perspiration, the youngsters still looked worried. "What will happen if that deputy secretary sees it again?"

Fang said: "Let him see it! Let him carry it away and smash it, if he can!"

Another workers said: "What will happen if someone says we are deliberately defying the party committee?"

Fang answered: "Defying? Let him say whatever he likes. Just leave it here." Then Fang reminded everyone: "Remember that we will start from here at 0700 hours. Those living in the city can meet us at the bridge in Lishi [4409 1102] Road."

Guo Youwang started very early from Lugouqiao [4151 3297 2890] for the plant. Shortly after 0700 hours, the metal wreath left the plant gate and was on its way to Tiananmen Square. The plant was more than 30 li away from Tiananmen Square. To carry it all the way would be impractical. The workers thought of a plan. They made a triangular frame of metal

pipes to serve as a stand for the wreath, with one of the angles facing forward. The forward angle was placed on the trailer of a tricycle, while the base of the angle was fitted with eight wheels, used for push-carts, to raise the wreath from the ground. Another metal pipe of more than 5 meters was fixed to the rear of the wreath to be used for pushing by more than 30 persons.

When the wreath passed by Wokesong [0063 3644 2646], a policeman shouted: "Keep to the side! Keep to the side!" When he saw that the workers did not comply, he went up to turn the handlebar of the tricycle. This angered the passersby who grabbed the policeman and knocked off his eyeglasses and cap. It happened to be in front of a hospital and many patients in hospital pyjamas stood there to yell at the policeman

When the wreath reached the bridge of Lishi Road, a small sedan was parked by the road side. An old army man came out of the sedan, stood erect, and gave a military salute to the wreath. Then he said in a choked voice: "Thank you, comrade workers!"

Since it was not yet 1400 hours, Guo Youwang let everyone rest for a while by the roadside and eat something in a hurry. When he later came out from a small restaurant, he met Secretary Xiu of the workshop branch and several deputy directors.

Guo said: "You better not go forward. Just follow us."

Xiu said: "You have to be careful too. Some people are waiting at the bridge of Lishi Road. Someone among them belongs to the Municipal Machinery Bureau. They may stop you. That deputy secretary of our plant has already reported to the bureau."

Sure enough, when they arrived at the bridge, someone called: "Are you Guo Youwang?"

"What for?"

"You come with me. I want to talk to you."

Guo Youwang followed him. They went below the bridge. There were already several persons, some of whom he knew. Among them was Secretary Sun of the plant party committee.

The leader from the Machinery Bureau said: "You advise the workers to leave the wreath underneath the bridge. Don't send it."

"Why?" Guo asked.

"Don't you know about the notice? Qing Ming Festival is a ghost festival. So don't send any wreath."

Guo grew impatient and said: "Is it a crime to mourn the premier? Don't you have any love for the premier at all?"

"We feel the same way you do, but there are orders from above " The leader of the Machinery Bureau proposed that Sun do something. But Sun held up his hand and said: "I can't do anything."

By that time, the workers above were again on the move with the wreath. Guo Youwang saw the Machinery Bureau leader's face turning pale

Thus the wreath broke through the obstacle, entered Tiananmen Square and towered above the mountain of flowers. It undoubtedly symbolized will and faith and greatly inspired the sea of humanity.

That day, in a certain congested Beijing hospital with eight beds, He Jingzhi [6320 2417 0037] the poet was lying in bed. Two or 3 years before, Premier Zhou had asked about him at a meeting: "Where is He Jingzhi? His work 'The Song of Lei Feng' is very fine!" Shortly afterwards, Zhang, Jiang and Yao personally "instructed" their confidant in RENMIN RIBAO to "immediately remove" Comrade He Jingzhi from RENMIN RIBAO for prolonged reform through labor. He Jingzhi came to the Capital Iron and Steel Company where he made friends with many workers who trusted and protected him.

The ward door was opened suddenly and more than 10 young workers rushed in and formed a human wall to separate his bed from others. Some of them purposely talked aloud about just anything. Then one of them secretly put into the poet's hand a poem he had copied. . . .

That day, a "Red Flag" sedan drove out of the 301st Hospital. In the car was a one-armed general, the deputy chief of the General Staff Peng Shaohui [1756 4801 6540]. A few days previously, he had wanted to present flowers at Tiananmen. His secretary was afraid that he might attract too much attention and dissuaded him from it, only out of desire for his protection. Today being Qing Ming Festival, he insisted on going to take a look at the Square. The secretary had to agree, all his arguments having proved fruitless. However, the secretary gave the driver some instructions: First, do not drive too slowly or pull up at the Square, so as not to let people write down his license number; second, do not drive too fast; otherwise the deputy chief of the General Staff will not see what was going on in the Square.

The "Red Flag" sedan entered the Square and circled closely around the ocean of wreaths

There were in fact hundreds of old revolutionaries and old fighters like him who were thinking of and longing to see Tiananmen.

On the day of Qing Ming, innumerable people throughout the country took to the streets. The number of wreaths, the sentiments behind the poems and the tension in the atmosphere were beyond description. On the bank of Xizi [6007 1331] Lake and Songhua River, around the belfry of the ancient city Xian and in the "7 February" Square of Zhengzhou . . . people surged like the tide, flowers looked like clouds and tears dropped like rain. The atmosphere of tragedy and indignation prevailed over the entire country and on an unprecedented scale. The people adroitly adopted different methods to express their grief and will and to demonstrate their might

Night came. Everything in Tiananmen Square was enveloped in darkness. The people did not leave. They remained there to look around, to listen, to sing, and to think. Tears showered on the paper flowers, and fire was burning inside people's breasts

7. A Witness in the Historical Museum

The huge windows of the Historical Museum disclosed everything in the Square clearly. They were the best witnesses of this historical episode.

In the early morning of 5 April, a man of about 30 slowly entered the western gate of the museum as usual. He was of medium height and wore a blue Chinese wool-padded jacket and a yellow scarf. His thick eyebrows were always raised, and people not knowing him might think he was arrogant, although those who understood him knew that he was in deep thought. His name was Fan Ceng [5400 2582], the young painter. He was a fine arts specialist of the new generation, having grown up under the five-star red banner. He was also a calligrapher. He had learned Chinese painting, but he was also quite proficient in other traditional Chinese drawings, such as line drawing and ink splash. His tutor was Jiang Zhaohe [5592 0340 0735]. As soon as he graduated from the Institute of Fine Arts in 1962, he was assigned to work in the Historical Museum. His job was to paint every day, with plenty of time and opportunity to employ his skill. However, he was by no means short-sighted. When there was hardly any space throughout China for a desk to be properly placed, he kept his eyes on the big earth. The rise of Jiang Qing, Zhang Chunqiao, Yao Wenyuan and their cohorts to power as well as what they did and said could not help diverting his attention from his paintings to the destiny of the motherland and the people.

Intellectuals are sensitive. Even "hearsays" caused tension in his mind. Even such an illustrious founder of the nation as Marshal He Long could have been slandered and then become overnight a renegade of the party and a "bandit" carrying on illicit relations with the enemy, to be shut in a small house where he had to use half a brick as a pillow and to be yelled at for even trying to drink some rain water

He had heard that Jiang Qing had a face-to-face quarrel with Premier Zhou, and even shouted at him, causing the premier to tremble with anger. Not long afterwards, the premier became ill

He had also heard that when the chairman paid his last farewell to Chen Yi, Comrade Zhang Xi [1728 5409], put her hand on him and said: "Chairman, Comrade Chen Yi had the highest respect for you. On every 26 December, we ate noodles." [to celebrate Mao's birthday]. Chairman Mao sat by the side for 40 minutes in deep thought and without saying anything. At last, the premier came to him, saying: "Chairman, it is too long for you. We had better go" Then, helped by the premier, the chairman walked away with heavy steps. Probably during these 40 minutes, Chairman Mao and Premier Zhou decided on the plan to let Comrade Deng Xiaoping shoulder the responsibility of the country in a moment of crisis....

With the great power of the party, state and army concentrated in his hands, Deng Xiaoping took drastic measures to set things in order when the state was already on the brink of collapse. The situation began to improve.

In the summer of 1975, Fan Ceng and a few bosom friends of the literary and art circle secretly took stock of the perverse actions of Jiang Qing and her gang in the literary, art and film circles and compiled data to be presented through He Jiesheng, Comrade He Long's daughter, to Premier Zhou and Deng Xiaoping for reference.

In the afternoon of 26 July, He Jiesheng saw Fan Ceng and, before anything else, asked: "Fan Ceng, can you drink? Today, I want to treat you to roast duck!"

"There must be some really good news!" Fan Ceng thought. He said gladly: "Can I invite a few friends too?"

He Jiesheng first reserved a table on the second floor of the Dongfeng [East Wind] Restaurant. Soon several persons arrived. He Jiesheng said: "I have a request today. We must empty the bottle; otherwise I will not say anything."

Everyone ate heartily, but still did not know why she was so excited. They quickly finished the few dishes.

"Now, Jiesheng, is it time for you to speak yet?"

Jiesheng still had to keep everyone in suspense: "I cannot speak in a restaurant. Let us take a walk outside!"

The group walked out of the restaurant and strolled aimlessly. When they approached a vegetable stall near Donghuamen, where nobody else was in sight, He Jiesheng quietly told them one of the most important items of news in the past few years of China's political upheavals.

The several persons listened attentively and then could hardly keep from saying "Hurrray!"

He Jiesheng was more cautious. She urged everyone to keep quiet and see how things would turn out or how Yu Huiyong would behave in the next few days.

The important news He Jiesheng gave them was about the letter she had given Deng Xiaoping to be forwarded to Chairman Mao. The letter was written by a young author, Zhang Tianmin [1728 1131 3046], complaining of what had happened to the film "Pioneers." Chairman Mao had already made his comments on 25 July.

In the summer of the same year, Fan Ceng also helped Guo Lanying [6753 5695 5391], a famous vocalist, to draft a letter to be sent to Premier Zhou. Guo Lanying wanted to record several of her songs to be presented to the premier during his illness.

However, the smile on the face of the young painter was soon replaced by gloom. The premier died! The "Repulse the rightist attempt to reverse correct verdicts" had begun!

His worry, indignation and intestinal bleeding had reduced him almost to a living skeleton. However, in these days, whenever he put down his painting brush, leaned against the windowsill, faced Changan Boulevard and the Monument, and watched people passing by in streams, he instantly felt a great warm pressure in his breast. Sometimes, he left his painting room, walked down to the main gate, and stood on the terrace to watch and to immerse himself in thoughts for a long time. One day, he came down from the terrace to join the crowds . . . He watched people making wreaths which became bigger and bigger and more and more attractive. He saw a whole family: An old man with grey hair; a grandson 3 or 4 years old; a neatly dressed daughter-in-law; a stout-looking son; and a weeping mother, walking with other people's help, and with a home-made wreath, all threading their way among the crowd. He saw an old woman who fainted with grief and lay on the balustrade. He saw a young man in a cream colored dress with a musical instrument across his shoulder, and a small wreath, squeezing his way through the crowd. This young man turned to be his friend, and the wreath was sent in the name of a certain vocalist

The young painter could see the state of the motherland from the faces of these people. There is misery and yet some firmness; there is worry and yet indignation. He knew that this was the will of ordinary people as well as the will of history.

He could see that some persons were now brave enough to speak out on behalf of the people. He saw the first elegy written by the Beijing Trade Union Council, the wreath of the Second Artillery, the pledge of Wang Haili written in blood

This young painter could no longer remain quiet. Like a volcano, he now had to erupt! He and several comrades placed a wreath 2 meters in diameter at the east of the Monument facing the Historical Museum. In the center of the wreath was the premier's portrait. Fan Ceng also wrote a mourning couplet on the wreath, reading:

"The ashes scattered over the rivers will see numerous waves representing the people's tears;

"The will as brilliant as the sun and the moon sheds its light all over the sky above China."

He also asked someone to read the elegy he had written :

"Qing Ming comes every year. Now it is again Qing Ming. Beloved premier, do you see people surging like waves and the flowers whiter than snow? Do you hear the solemn pledges and the sobs accompanying the reading of poems? Oh, Premier, you have left us for fully 80 days, and our tears from grief have combined to form a vast expanse of waves which are surging and whirling. Premier, with your soul in high heaven, do you find any comfort in the people's devout remembrance of you?

"Beloved and respected Premier, you are a perfect man and a statesman without peer throughout eternity. Your unparalleled ability and knowledge, your bravery and heroism, and your unprecedented integrity have become immortal monuments in people's hearts. Even in the far distant future, people will always cherish your memory. Every year, 8 January will be our most tragic and most sacred memorial day. Any part of the great earth touched by your ashes will become sacred land with fragrant grasses; any river with your ashes floating holds sacred water mixed with people's tears. Premier, please rest in peace. All the people you loved cannot forget you, and you will forever live in the hearts of all people in China and the world.

"Premier, the splendor of your life will be like a brilliant light shining on the nation for endless generations. You faced all evil flames and all contemptible plots and tricks with only a smile. You are a really brave, really strong, and really staunch historical figure. You are like a rock with its back against the sky and its gigantic wings obscuring the sun. Your bosom, big enough to hold the universe, will help restore youth to our ancient nation, which can never perish. Any opportunist attempting to stem the march of time will be ridiculed by history and spurned by the people.

"Our beloved and respected Premier, we are determined to unite under the great red banner of Chairman Mao's revolutionary line and fight a bloody battle with political swindlers of the Lin Biao type, with the capitalist roaders in the party and the people of the Khrushchev type who are around

us, through to the end. The people have awakened and can never be deceived by them again. The historical current is now mighty and powerful and anyone trying to go against it will certainly be nailed by history to the pillar of disgrace. Let all enemies at home and abroad tremble before our 800 million awakened Chinese people!"

He went to the Square every day, stayed there and sometimes forgot to return. He seemed more like a poet than a quiet painter. He felt that he himself was no bookworm but an armed fighter.

Suddenly, he saw the back of an acquaintance. He ran up and tapped his shoulder.

The man turned around in surprise. He had affable features and was Fan Ceng's former teacher, Professor Wu of the Academy of Fine Arts.

"So it is you!" said Professor Wu, now relaxed after the surprise. Pointing at the big wreath signed by "The Artists," he said surreptitiously: "I recognized your handwriting at once!"

"How did you know?" Fan Ceng was somewhat surprised. Professor Wu, he thought, can no doubt recognize his student's painting, but how could he have correctly guessed from the characters written by him in an artistic fashion?

"They couldn't have come from ordinary hands." Professor Wu was proud of his own student.

Fan Ceng took out his camera and took several snapshots of the professor before saying goodbye.

Another day passed. As usual, Fan Ceng walked down the steps of the museum to the Square. His thick eyebrows were knitted. Why? The Square was like a beach after the ebbing of the tide, and everything was quiet. There were not so many people as there were the day before. The Monument stood naked before his eyes, and the mountain of wreaths had disappeared overnight. There remained only fragments of torn paper and water marks. He asked a passer-by: "Where are the wreaths gone?"

"Where? All taken away!"

"When?"

"Last night. Over 100 trucks came to move them. Many of the pictures of the premier were torn too"

The painter's face suddenly became serious. So the mourning couplet he had written was gone too. Nothing was now left on the balustrade. As though insulted, he said with trembling lips: "So they really took action. How can they be so insane?"

"A wolf cannot have a kind heart. Some of us watching the wreaths were wounded from their beating, and arrested too. More than 10 persons were arrested last night."

Fan Ceng managed to control himself. He quietly surveyed the Monument. A little girl was crying on the Monument fence: "My wreath. Return me my wreath"

More and more people arrived, though every road intersection was guarded to prevent people from bringing in wreaths. A throng of young people, with locked arms, dashed across the picket line and new wreaths were laid by the Monument once again. The people talked: "Woe be to their mothers! We will settle the score with them!" "They don't have any love for the Premier at all."

Shortly after 0800 hours, there was an outburst of cries to the west of the Monument: "Catch him! Catch him!"

"Down with whoever opposes the premier!"

Disregarding possible risks, Fan Ceng ran over there. He had the feeling that there would soon be an explosion. Everyone's state of mind was the same as his: that of touch-and-go.

He wanted to know what was going on, and tried to force his way through the crowd. But the crowd was too tightly packed and his efforts were of no avail. He only heard someone saying: "That rascal dared to call the premier a capitalist roader. Woe be to his mother! His impudence is monstrous!"

"What is his unit? We must get his backstage boss!"

"Without a backer, he can never be so impudent"

The painter tried to take a good look at that man's face, but there were too many people in the way. Suddenly, the impudent fellow shook himself free and ran straight toward the People's Great Hall, with the crowd on his heel.

"Don't let him get away!" "Don't let him get away!"

The crowd dashed through the picket line, scaled the low wall with an iron gate, and ascended the steps at the entrance of the Hall. That youngster wanted to get in. Suddenly several PLA men appeared at the Hall gate and took up their positions in several columns. But the crowd rushed in like angry waves. Someone shouted: "He is hiding in the basement!" The crowd went to push the basement door. Someone shouted: "He is upstairs!" The crowd ran upstairs.

Finally they caught that fellow, who had the head of a buck and the eyes of a rat. People twisted his arms and grabbed his collar, while fists rained on him from all directions. Now that Fan Ceng could take a good look at that fellow's face, he joined the others in shouting "Down with whoever opposes Premier Zhou!"

Someone cried: "Don't hit him anymore now. Let him apologize before Premier Zhou!"

"Hold him up and let us look at his features!"

People now gathered in an orderly way before the gate of the People's Great Hall, shouting, sightseeing, or arguing with the police leader who came to intervene. Their anger had dissipated and they seemed to feel gratified. For the great majority of people, this was the first time they had been so close to the Hall, because in recent years this Hall had become an impressive but unapproachable mansion. Today, they ascended the steps and touched the marble pillars. Some of them ran their hands over the shiny door frame and sighed: "Oh! If people cannot even approach the Hall built by them and to be used by them for exercising their power, can this mansion still represent the people?"

While this was going on before the Hall entrance, the angry crowd was surrounding a cream-white loudspeaker van.

Now people knew that shortly after 0800 hours, the "gang of four's" agent in the Beijing Municipal Public Security Bureau had dispatched two loudspeaker vans to the Square. The people in these vans announced through the loudspeakers: "Now you hear. Qing Ming mourning is over! Comrades, leave the Square quickly, don't remain"

A sharp, high-pitched female voice resounded above the Square, and got on the people's nerves. The angry people surrounded the van ring upon ring. The announcer in the first van expressed his regret, shouted through the loudspeaker "Long live Premier Zhou" and left. But the second van disregarded the people's protest. When Fan Ceng pressed near this van, he heard people shouting: "Stop broadcasting! Stop broadcasting!" "Why do we have to leave the Square?" "Return us our wreaths!" "Tiananmen is the people's gathering place"

The door of the van was tightly closed and the sharp voice did not stop.

"Stop it! Stop it!"

"Stop it! Stop it!"

The people became more furious, and someone broke the van window glass. With a cracking noise, the glass fragments flew all over the place.

"Pull her out!" "Ask her how she feels about Premier Zhou!"

The sharp voice was still going on

Some people climbed up and smashed the top. The square loudspeaker was destroyed and the voice stopped.

A man in police uniform came forward and said: "Comrades, comrades"

The people ignored him and continued to shout: "Let her say something about her attitude toward Premier Zhou!"

"Why is she still trying to broadcast?"

The female announcer still sat in the van and did not move. She was then beaten up by the angry crowd

Later, Fan Ceng heard that this female announcer and one of the comrades in his academy were in love. Because of the beating she received, this announcer was commended. But the man told her: "Don't gloat over your victory so soon. There will eventually be a reversal of the decision."

The female announcer said: "Reversal? It is already officially determined as a counterrevolutionary incident by the higher authorities. They smashed the loudspeaker van. Can this be a revolutionary act?"

The man said: "I advise you to keep cool and think carefully. What is wrong with mourning the premier? Why must they leave the Square? Don't you have any love for the premier?"

The girl did not agree. So after some argument, they broke off their relations

Fan Ceng carefully tidied up his scarf and brushed his hair with his hand. Unlike other painters, he was rather concerned with his own appearance. He decided to go to Huang Yongyu's [7806 3057 3768] house at once, that little house which did not get any sunlight throughout the year, to tell him what had happened in the Square. He had one worry: Would Jiang Qing and her cohorts use this as a pretext to stretch out their poisonous tentacles? Were not some people already arrested when the wreaths were removed? He had an inkling that he was already being shadowed

Around noon, a large group of militiamen were dispatched to the People's Great Hall area. Before the entrance, they had some clash with the crowd. The people angrily asked them: "Can you face Premier Zhou after doing this?" "Are you going to smear the face of the working class with mud?" Some militiamen admitted to being hoodwinked and left, while others, afraid of being beaten by the crowd, took off their armbands and quietly went away. By that time, the crowd before the Hall spontaneously adopted

a resolution: Go to the militia command post in the grey building at the southeastern corner of the Square to negotiate for the return of the wreaths and the release of the people. Then thousands and tens of thousands of people, acquaintances and strangers alike, joined hands and marched eastward, shouting "Give us back our wreaths and our comrades in arms!"

The strains of the "Internationale" again resounded above the Square.

Two hours later, Fan Ceng returned to the Square again. By that time, the crowd, gathering before the grey building, had already elected five representatives. With the help of the comrades, these representatives got through the PLA picket line and entered the grey building to look for the responsible person for negotiation. Fifteen minutes soon passed. Twenty minutes passed, and the representatives still did not return. Apparently the negotiation had broken down and the representatives were detained. Furthermore, the people outside saw more militiamen and policemen approaching and later taking up positions in several columns confronting the masses before the building. More militiamen and policemen had also appeared around the whole Square, as though the Square was under seige.

Finally, the representatives came out. The negotiation was unsuccessful. The people's reasonable demands were peremptorily rejected.

At 1245 hours, a "Shanghai" Sedan used by a leader of the militia command post was pushed some 50 meters away. It was later overturned and the gas tank caught fire. At about 1500 hours, another three cars of the Public Security Bureau and the militia command post were also set on fire.

Hour after hour, people shouted: "Give us back our wreaths and our comrades in arms!"

A man appeared from the grey building. Resting his left arm on his hip and gesturing with his right arm, he shouted: "There are no wreaths here. Go away quickly!"

Several young men climbed up the roof of a latrine to the west of the grey building. From there, they clearly saw the wreaths in the yard. They then shouted: "You lie!"

The people were again incensed by the overbearing attitude of the militia command post people. They shouted and stormed the building. A fire hose was pulled out of the building and, pretending to put out a fire, the occupants of the building turned water on the crowd and instantly felled some of them.

After several charges, part of the crowd finally broke into the building. Soon five or six big wreaths were carried out of the building. The crowd applauded and those carrying the wreaths were greeted as though they had just returned from a victorious battle. The wreaths were quickly placed on the Monument.

At that time, someone tossed a stone at the building and people quickly followed suit. Stones fell on the building like rain. One window glass was smashed with a loud crash, and the suddenness of this action scared away the militiamen and policemen. Some people climbed through the broken window and then threw things out, while outside there was a lot of noise.

Fan Ceng made every effort to squeeze forward, but was blocked by a giant, looking like a basketball player. He managed to go around this giant and continued to squeeze forward, but was grabbed by the giant's powerful hand. The giant's voice was as strong as his muscles: "Don't go any further. It is dangerous!"

Fan Ceng could not move at all in his clutch. Then he heard a voice from a loudspeaker. "Comrades, don't push. Observe discipline and don't be disorderly"

Fan Ceng stood on tiptoe. Through the spaces between people's heads, he saw a youngster with a crew cut, gesturing with one hand, holding a loudspeaker with another, and shouting at the people to maintain order.

At about 1730 hours, fire started in the little grey building. Someone had thrown a burning torch into the window; the "Command Post" was on fire!

Wreaths of smoke came out of the window followed by fiery tongues. The smoke rose into the calm sky above the Square and then slowly spread out.

At the sight of the smoke, Fan Ceng knew that things had already reached the boiling point, and the next step, as he anticipated, would certainly be a full-scale crackdown by Jiang Qing and Zhang Chunqiao. He quickly forced his way out and came to Huang Yongyu's home again. He vividly described to Huang Yongyu what he had seen, and Huang Yongyu excitedly exclaimed: "This is a great nation! And a great age!"

Darkness descended on the scene. Many people began to leave, but some of them still remained before the building or in the Square. Some were sitting on the steps of the Historical Museum. The sun had already set. The sky in the west was like a huge blue curtain, while in the east, there was a fiery mass.

At 2000 hours, Fan Ceng came to the Square again, this time with Huang Yongyu's son. Before they left, Huang Yongyu told him: "This is my only son and tonight he is under your care. I agree to let him see how things are in Tiananmen, but be sure to bring him back in one piece!"

Curfew had already been enforced around the Square, with militiamen and policemen blocking every road intersection. The two walked around and finally found a small lane into the Square. There were not as many people now as during the day, but around the Monument, hand torch lights were flashing here and there. Some people were looking at the wreaths newly presented during the day; and some were reading or copying the poems. Just then, a loudspeaker, usually used for big rallies, bellowed this directive: "People in the Square leave quickly. Leave before 2100 hours! . . . "

Fan Ceng seemed to have some strange premonition, and quickly took Huang Yongyu's son out of the Square.

Now the anticipated bloody suppression came. The Square suddenly became as bright as daylight, with all the lamps on the lampposts turned on. Those who had not left early enough were all encircled. The circle gradually tightened, and shouts, cries and shrieks were heard coming from the Monument Some received scalp wounds with blood streaming over their faces; some were forced to kneel before the Historical Museum; some were dragged to the pine bush to be handcuffed from behind; some were driven to the Zhongshan Park to be detained; and some were forced into police vans.

In the quietness restored by the blows of police clubs, the watering trucks and scavenger trucks of the Tiananmen Square Administration Bureau again washed away the blood stains

The next day, 6 April, Fan Ceng had to work as usual despite his extreme weariness. He crossed the corridors and lanes toward his office. He shuddered at the sight of the army men who had within one night jammed all the traffic lanes. The auditorium was tightly packed and the Ladies' Room had to be used also as a Men's Room.

With some inexplicable feeling, he entered the painting hall on the fourth floor. As usual, he first took a look at his own work "Chairman Mao in the Peasant Movement Training Institute in Guangzhou." The door was pushed open, and several persons, who looked like cadres at or above the regimental level, entered. From their looks, they did not come for any particular purpose aside from looking at the paintings.

"What will be the next step? Was such a major event some counterrevolutionary action? Why such a large-scale resort to force?" Fan Ceng asked an army officer, who looked like an intellectual.

"Don't talk about this now!" He answered evasively. Then he looked around and changed the subject.

Fan Ceng did not say anything more, so he turned around to look at his own work. He felt somewhat in a trance, and the painting brush in his hand weighed like a lead bar

The full-scale investigation was soon to begin, and this painter would naturally be on the black list. He burned some letters and took some other precautions. He said to his wife: "I may be arrested. Take care of yourself" His wife replied: "You have a bad stomach. In prison, be sure to chew your food thoroughly before swallowing. Keep yourself fit"

8. Another Side of the Historical Picture

How did the wreaths disappear from the Square? How did the tragedy take place? Let us take a look at several other scenes.

Just after midnight, on 5 April, a "Red Flag" sedan quietly drove into the Square and pulled up before the entrance of a three-story building to the south of the Historical Museum. The car door opened, and a man emerged and walked with brisk steps into the small grey building under heavy guard. This man was Wang Hongwen.

Soon after his arrival, more than 100 heavy trucks, including scavenging trucks and crane trucks drove into the Square and moved away all the wreaths.

Early next morning, at 0500 hours, Wang Hongwen, wearing an army cloak, came out of the small building, entered the car and left.

We can imagine that this deputy security chief of the 17th National Cotton Textile Mill whose rise to power was so spectacular through the assistance of Jiang Qing, Zhang Chunqiao and Yao Wenyuan was the person to initiate this counterrevolutionary move.

At a short distance to the southeast of this small three-story building was the Beijing Municipal Public Security Bureau.

On 2 April, the conference room of the Public Security Bureau was full of people, all being cadres at or above the level of sections or stations. They did not say anything, but kept on smoking. The room was full of smoke.

After a while, Liu Chuanxin [0491 0248 2450], the bureau director, arrived. This man was not tall, but seemed to be full of energy. He walked briskly, and his action was swift. He had a long slender face and sharp but cunning eyes. Now, he looked very solemn and dispensed with the preliminary talk (which he usually used). He drank some water and began to speak: "Today, this emergency meeting is called to study the Tiananmen Square situation. As you have seen, many people are sending wreaths to Tiananmen. In so doing, they want to apply pressure on the Central Committee with their spearhead pointing at the Central Committee leaders. The higher authorities have already notified us that the observance of the Qing Ming Festival is an old custom, or one of the Four

Olds; therefore, no presentation of wreaths is allowed. The higher authorities have also determined the character of the Nanjing Incident as a counterrevolutionary incident. Since we are in the first line, we must exert every effort to do our job well "

His right hand waved before his forehead to add weight to his remarks. This was his habit.

Since 31 March, he had sent many plainclothesmen to infiltrate the mass ranks, to spy on people in the Square and to look for clues. On 2 April, he held three emergency meetings successively and decided on reinforcing his strength. He also urged everyone to act promptly and decisively. As a result, on 3 and 4 April, the plainclothesmen arrested 26 people. To conduct interrogations without delay, he borrowed some people from Xie Yingyi [6200 7234 1355] and let the worker-peasant-soldier students of the law school of Beijing University take part in the interrogation. He also transferred some personnel from various branch bureaus to be placed under the command of the Municipal Bureau.

This Bureau Director Liu Chuanxin was not one of those who face changing situations helplessly with folded arms. He had sharp eyes and the ruthless claws of a hawk. Formerly, he was a deputy political commissar of an army unit stationed in Wuxi. Though his rank was by no means low, he was not satisfied to remain there permanently. At the beginning of the Great Cultural Revolution, he lost no opportunity in sending his daughter to make contacts in Beijing and to personally hand over some private information to Jiang Qing. His tactics immediately paid off, because Jiang Qing now wanted to know more about this deputy political commissar in Wuxi. She asked in her sharp voice: "Is your father Liu Chuanxin?"

"Yes."

"And he is a deputy political commissar of a unit stationed in Wuxi?"

"Yes."

"Why doesn't he come to work in Beijing?"

"He would like to."

"Well, Fine."

". . . . "

Having gained Jiang Qing's patronage, Liu Chuanxin's heart bounded with joy. He could not sleep that night, because he was thinking of the day when he would be catapulted to a high position. Since then, he had constantly spied on Xu Shiyu and kept Jiang Qing informed.

His labor was rewarded. Soon he was transferred to Beijing to take up the important post of Municipal Public Security Director. His gratitude to Jiang Qing knew no bounds, of course. But the rosy picture did not last long, and trouble was soon brewing. There was a leakage of his clandestine communication with Jiang Qing, and Xu Shiyu stood firm. This terrified Liu Chuanxin, and he immediately declared that all the private information was collected by his wife and had nothing to do with him. He even sued his wife for a divorce to show that he was drawing a demarcation between her and himself. This divorce farce was quite skillfully performed, and under Jiang Qing's protection, he was soon off the hook. Thereafter, he was ready to do anything on earth at Jiang Qing's bidding.

Full of arrogance, Liu Chuanxin now wanted to demonstrate his prowess during the Qing Ming Festival. However, the high pressure he applied did not produce much effect on some public security personnel. Some of them took sick leave; some hid themselves somewhere to read the poems; some wore a black armband underneath their uniform; and some even copied the poems on match boxes to be shown to their comrades later. After 3 days malingering, one of the comrades had to report for work. A child in the neighborhood asked him: "What are you going to do, Uncle?" He replied with a sad face: "To suppress the masses!" Many public security workers were sympathetic to the masses in their mourning of Premier Zhou; yet under the high pressure and deception from Liu Chuanxin, many of them too had suppressed innocent people.

A young man had just finished reading a poem, and before he had gone far away, a public security man said: "Grab this rogue! Grab this rogue!" This young man was beaten up and, with his face full of bruises, put under arrest.

A worker was reading "A Chronicle of Major Events in the 11th Struggle Between the Two Lines" posted at the southern side of the Monument. Someone reported this to Liu Chuanxin who in turn reported to Jiang Qing. Upon hearing herself being attacked by name, she immediately ordered the arrest. More than 60 plainclothesmen broke into the crowd and dragged the worker away.

A comrade of the public security system posted a poem. He was immediately tried in private. Liu Chuanxin also sent his men to Miyun county to look for that comrade's family and asked his wife to keep herself separated from him through divorce

Under the manipulation of Liu Chuanxin and his masters, the Historical Museum was turned into a barrack. In the evening of 5 April, a convoy of trucks sped along Changan Boulevard and entered the Zhongshan Park and the Working People's Cultural Hall. At the gates of these two parks, signs were hung up to prohibit people's entry. In the balconies under red eaves and green tiles, and in the shades below pine and cypress trees,

were seated numerous militiamen armed with clubs. Some of them had just got off duty and were immediately rounded up under "emergency order." Some had copied poems in Tiananmen Square only 2 hours before; and some came from far away suburbs thinking that they were sent here to watch some performance in the city. The thousands and tens of thousands of clubs were made by the timber plant in a hurry. When there were not enough clubs to arm these men, pick handles were used. Even the desks, chairs and flat stools of the 28th Middle School near Tiananmen were broken up to be used as weapons.

The park, originally intended for people's enjoyment and rest, was in a moment transformed into a people's prison.

Armed suppression, for the "gang of four" and their cohorts, was only a means to an end. This gang of political hoodlums were even more adept at swaying public opinion through deception. Only 2 days after the bloodshed in Tiananmen, the notorious reportage, entitled "The Counterrevolutionary Political Incident in Tiananmen Square" by a so-called Worker-Peasant-Soldier Correspondent" made its appearance. This reportage was drafted by Wang-Zhang-Jiang-Yao's trusted agent--that clodhopper chief editor of RENMIN RIBAO--at their bidding. As early as 1 April, this chief editor already followed their instructions to send some "obedient" correspondents to cover the events in Tiananmen Square. These correspondents mingled with the masses. Since they dared not copy the poems openly, they wrote on their palms or hid themselves in some remote spots to write in their notebooks, and then reported their findings to the chief editor immediately. This ignorant chief editor, who had written Mexico as "Hexico" and Romania as "Romanisia" and become a laughing stock the world over, worked day and night in compiling the CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION to be sent to Wang-Zhang-Jiang-Yao. Sometimes, three issues of this bulletin were published in 1 day and night. Urgent items were hand-written and dispatched immediately to Yao Wenyuan to be edited and polished before being forwarded to the Political Bureau.

On 3 April, while Liu Chuanxin was holding an emergency meeting, Yao Wenyuan was reading a CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION about a poster placed on the balustrade on the northern side of the Monument, reading "We cherish the memory of Premier Zhou, we remember Yang Kaohui." He felt as though he had been stung by a bee. After brushing back the few strands of forelocks, he wrote these comments: "This is much the same as the other reactionary demagogic slogans that have appeared in other places."

The 4 April issue of CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION contained a poem written to the tune of Man Jiang Hong, signed by Jing Zhou Shi Zuo [2414 0719 6107 0155]. The text read as follows:

"In Old Cathay
A few flies newly out of caterpillars
Are shrilling sharply.

Becoming demons after metamorphosis
They think themselves very mighty.
The great man's brilliant image still remains intact.
No maggots can be laid by small insects.
They aroused my anger burning like fire.
I bang the desk and rise.
My comrades,
Let's unite closely.
To protect
Premier Zhou,
With fire and iron
Let's be combat-ready.
The wild bears may cause disturbances,
Or put up struggles in a menacing stance.
We will ferret out the wolf hiding its tail
And struggle to the very end without fail!"

Yao Wenyuan deleted "To protect Premier Zhou," and wrote his comments:
"Such counterrevolutionary remarks show that the back-stage mastermind wants to follow up propaganda with action."

A small-character poster mourning the premier and signed by "Young worker Yang Guangming [2254 0342 2494], read: "History will inexorably proclaim that those who dare to oppose the premier or to damage his great and brilliant image at the risk of universal condemnation are setting themselves against the people. These dregs of the people and scums of society will become criminals and public enemies of the people of China and the world throughout eternity." Yao Wenyuan commented: "From this, it can be seen that this frantic adverse current is an organized and planned counterrevolutionary move."

Commenting on the poem written on the four large placards by the 109th Plant of the Academy of Sciences, Yao Wenyuan wrote near the line "Blue blood has again nurtured revolutionary flowers": "This means the desire to oppose socialist revolution and the struggle to repulse the rightist attempt to reverse correct verdicts."

So Yao Wenyuan, who had risen to power by attacking others in the capacity of literary critic still had a magician's power of imagination.

The 5 April issue of CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION contained this statement: "At about 7 o'clock this morning, when people noticed the disappearance of the wreaths from Tiananmen Square, they gathered to protest." Yao Wenyuan changed it to read: "When a small number of bad people noticed the disappearance of the wreaths from Tiananmen Square, they incited a bunch of people to protest." The CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION said: "About a dozen young people were surrounded and beaten up by the troublemakers. According to the troublemakers, two of those beaten were worker-peasant-soldier students of Qinghua University and one was a PLA man, and they

openly said 'Premier Zhou was the top capitalist roader.'" Yao Wenyuan deleted the sentence which was a "vicious attack on Premier Zhou" and thus turned the people into criminals who committed atrocities for no cause. CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION said: "Black billows of smoke rise to the sky, and the smell of burning rubber fills the air" "All those in front of the command post building were young people." Yao Wenyuan changed it to read: "Amid this counterrevolutionary outcry," "most of those in the van of this counterrevolutionary incident were young people."

After suppressing the masses and fabricating the report to deceive the Central Committee, Yao Wenyuan phoned that clodhopper chief editor at about 7 o'clock in the morning of 7 April. He said: "You and the correspondents who wrote the reports on Tiananmen Square come to the People's Great Hall at once, and bring the issues of CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION on the Tiananmen Square Incident."

When they arrived in the Great Hall, Yao Wenyuan cheerfully patted the chief editor on the back and said: "Very fine! Very fine! Compile a report from the issues of CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION on the Tiananmen Incident for publication."

At noon, Yao Wenyuan brought this group of scholars to the East Hall to meet Wang Hongwen, Zhang Chunqiao and Jiang Qing.

Yao Wenyuan said: "They were the ones who wrote the CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION."

Wang Hongwen said: "You have done a good job!"

Jiang Qing said: "So we have won! Congratulations!" With great concern, she asked: "Have you been beaten up?"

Overwhelmed by their patronage, the clodhopper chief editor held his glass but did not know how to swallow. Wang Hongwen lifted his glass and said: "To everyone! To everyone!"

After Wang Hongwen's toast, Jiang Qing raised her glass, and, after a slight bow, said: "Right, to everyone!"

After the toasts, they all sat down. Zhang Chunqiao sat on a chair and after swallowing a mouthful of fish, he said: "In writing these poems, these fellows intended to have Deng Xiaoping out to be the counterpart of Nagy, the leader of the Hungarian counterrevolutionary incident."

Yao Wenyuan followed up hastily: "Right, you have hit the right spot. Some bad types lauded Deng Xiaoping, claiming that 'decisive victories were won when he was in charge of the day-to-day work of the Party Central Committee.'"

After their hearty meal, these people were called "Worker-Peasant-Soldier Correspondents," and were asked to compile several issues of CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION into a report for publication. Yao Wenyuan was still not satisfied, and once again instructed them: "Didn't Chunqiao say that these people intended to have Deng Xiaoping out to be a counterpart of Nagy, the leader of the counterrevolutionary incident in Hungary? Be sure to include these words. Also quote the words 'decisive victories were won when Deng Xiaoping was in charge of the day-to-day work of the Party Central Committee, much to the gratification of the people throughout the country.' This will make it more forceful."

The East Hall was deadly quiet. Besides the shouting of these several persons, nothing else was heard. Beyond the gate, there was the curfew in the Square. This was the first time in 27 years that Tiananmen was deserted.

While the report was being written, Wang, Zhang, Jiang and Yao were all on hand, giving instructions and making changes in the manuscript. Yao Wenyuan wanted to have the words "a premeditated, organized and planned counterrevolutionary political incident" included. After reading the manuscript, Zhang Chunqiao was not satisfied with the way "storming the Great Hall" and setting fire to a building were described. He said: "Why were several hundred worker-militiamen going in formation up the steps of the People's Great Hall? Paying a visit? The point is not made clear." So the sentence in the report was changed to "Several hundred worker-militiamen went up the steps leading to the People's Great Hall to mount guard," to give people the impression that some people had wanted to storm the People's Great Hall. He added, "Use 'PLA barracks' instead of the word 'building.' This will make people all over the country furious when they learn that some bad elements had wrecked and burned a PLA barracks."

They also took great pain to quote a poem in the report as important evidence of the "Tiananmen Counterrevolutionary Political Incident." The poem read:

"The devil howls as we pour out our grief,
We weep but the wolves laugh
We spill our blood in memory of the hero,
Raising our heads, we unsheathe our swords.
China is no longer the China of yore,
Gone for good is Qin Shi Huang's feudal society,
We believe in Marxism-Leninism,
To hell with those scholars who emasculate Marxism-Leninism!
What we want is genuine Marxism-Leninism.
For the sake of genuine Marxism-Leninism,
We don't fear to shed our blood and lay down our lives,
The day the four modernizations are realized,
We shall be back with libation and offerings."

This poem was tailored from two poems written by two different persons, who were strangers to each other. The first four lines belonged to one poem while the rest were taken from another which originally read as follows:

"Beloved Premier Zhou,
Your sons and daughters can hardly face you.
Your noble soul still cannot rest in peace.
With all our red hearts,
We cannot express our fond memory of you;
With all our tears,
We cannot express our grief and indignation.
History evaluated highly your lifetime achievements.
Your merits outshine the sun and the moon;
Your fame has spread throughout the universe.
In the history of international relationships,
Your affable image will occupy a permanent place.
Along the revolutionary road,
Your firm steps have left indelible footprints.
The wind howls and ghosts weep
When the world mourns the giant star's fall.
Flags also flew at half mast all over the world.
Ridiculously the demons are over-rating themselves,
Once again trying to make stormy weather.
They waggle tongues and flip skirts,
Like monkeys wearing crowns--What a sight!
Ants on the locust tree assume a great nation swagger
And mayflies lightly plot to topple the giant tree.
Let them just take a look:
Flowers like snow blanketing Tiananmen
And tears dripping like rain below the Monument.
You don't remember him, but we remember;
You don't mourn him, but we mourn.
The premier's spirit lives on forever;
Future generations will carry on the Red Banner.
China is no longer the China of yore,
And the people are no longer wrapped in utter ignorance,
Gone for good is Qin Shi Huang's feudal society,
We believe in Marxism-Leninism,
To hell with scholars who emasculate Marxism-Leninism!
What we want is genuine Marxism-Leninism,
For the sake of genuine Marxism-Leninism,
We don't fear to shed our blood and lay down our lives,
Or hesitate to start another uprising in Jinggang Mountain.
We will follow the premier's behest.
The day the four modernizations are realized,
We shall be back with libation and offerings.
Rest in peace!
Our beloved and respected Premier Zhou."

Like a thief afraid of being caught, Yao Wenyuan deleted all the lines in praise of Premier Zhou and denouncing his own gang as "demons." Then he said fiercely: "The so-called opposing 'Qin Shi Huang' and advocating 'genuine Marxism-Leninism' are identical to the remarks used in the plans for Lin Biao's counterrevolutionary coup d'etat. This is outright counter-revolutionary instigation. These counterrevolutionaries are pointing the spearhead at the great leader Chairman Mao and the Party Central Committee headed by him. This further exposes their criminal purpose of going revisionist and restoring capitalism in China.

The editorial staff of RENMIN RIBAO, including that clodhopper chief editor, lost no time in drafting, but they were still not fast enough for Yao Wenyuan. He urged: "Be quick. As soon as a page is finished, send it to be printed. Use my guard's car to deliver it."

That night, Wang, Zhang, Jiang and Yao left the People's Great Hall in their sedan and drove to a ritzy residential house. While they were sitting on the sofa and drinking strong tea, the printing machine of RENMIN RIBAO was already in operation, and the broadcasting room of the Central Station had already publicized the report.

Four days later, the paper received a letter signed by "an eyewitness worker-militiaman." A look at the letter made the chief editor change color. The letter was addressed to the chief editor of RENMIN RIBAO, and on the back of the envelope was written: "To Editor Goebbels." Inside the envelope were the first and second pages of the 8 April newspaper, on the margin of which the sender had written: "This is shocking! The party organ has sunk so low as to become the mouthpiece of a handful of fascist careerists and conspirators! Obviously a handful of careerists and conspirators have controlled WENHUI BAO and STUDY AND CRITICISM and pointed their spearhead at our beloved premier and thus led to the counterblows from the indignant masses. Yet you talked the nonsense that the spearhead pointed at Chairman Mao.

"Obviously, more than 10 young people provoked others by attacking Premier Zhou, and yet you said the masses stormed the People's Great Hall to beat up people. Can truth be covered up and facts be distorted?

"Obviously, you plotted to remove the wreaths and detain people. Yet you said people made trouble.

"Obviously, you have tailored the poems. Yet you claimed that they were copied in Tiananman. Who does not know that they came from the Qing palace?

"Your 'Reichstag incendiarism' performance is too clumsy. Can a report based on falsification of facts deceive the people? From now on, your paper should change its name to 'The Fascist Party Organ.'

"Down with the careerists and conspirators Jiang, Zhang and Yao!"

Several days later, some rather unusual guests entered a building of Chinese design in a scenic spot in the Beijing University compound called Island Pavilion in Weiming [2607 0682] Lake. These people belonged to a writing group of RENMIN RIBAO. While staying there, they had to walk some 10 minutes to a grey building by the side of Lang Run Yuan [2597 7032 0954] Lake for their meals instead of going to a nearby restaurant.

This grey building is a mysterious place which ordinary people cannot approach. Its appearance is not impressive, but the furnishing inside is quite elaborate. At the very beginning, it was used as a guest house for foreign experts. Since the movement to "criticize Lin Biao and Confucius," it has been the headquarters of the Mass Criticism Group of Beijing and Qinghua Universities, or "Liang Xiao" of national fame. It was exclusively used by some 30 persons. Inside were comfortable bedrooms and toilets; outside were a clear small lake and white poplars. But this place was closely guarded, and the "aristocrats" staying here could not go out freely, while people outside, of course, could not get in. Visiting friends and relatives must first stop at a luxurious reception room by the entrance to be thoroughly questioned. Liang Xiao members could not return home like normal workers. They were allowed out only on Saturday evenings, and had to be back on Sunday. Liang Xiao consisted of nine teams of three persons each, and the leader of each team was directly under the Liang Xiao chief. There were no lateral relations among the teams, which were not allowed to communicate with one another, not even about their assignments. The Liang Xiao chief received his orders from the "gang of four" through Chi Qun and his female associate.

The guests from RENMIN RIBAO came by order of their boss to cooperate with Liang Xiao in concocting the article "There Is Actually Bourgeoisie in the Party--An Analysis of the Tiananmen Square Incident." The purpose of this article was to "go a step further" against Comrade Deng Xiaoping, who had already been overthrown by them. Like introducing an "Arabian Night" story, the article said: "All the ghosts, monsters, demons and imps danced to the tune set by Deng Xiaoping"; that Deng Xiaoping "represents the interests and aspirations of the old and new bourgeoisie inside and outside the party and of the landlords, rich peasants, counterrevolutionaries, bad elements and rightists"; and that the Tiananmen Incident was "staged single-handedly by Deng Xiaoping."

As everybody knew, after Premier Zhou's memorial service, Deng was actually left idle and shut off from outside. Then how could he possibly have anything to do with what happened in Tiananmen? Nevertheless, Comrade Deng Xiaoping still remained a serious threat to the "gang of four." Therefore, they could not rest in peace until he was dead.

But how to get evidence against him? How could they possibly connect him with the Tiananmen Incident?

Now there is! Deng Xiaoping had a daughter working in a certain research institute of the Academy of Sciences, and the people of that institute had sent two wreaths to Tiananmen. Won't this be a good piece of evidence? The article then said that "on the wreaths sent by the institute where Deng Xiaoping's daughter works, it was written" Won't this have something to do with Deng Xiaoping? Unfortunately for them, Comrade Deng Xiaoping's daughter happened to be sick at home on just that day and did not attend the institute at all. But this did not matter much. What they had to do was to arrest one of her colleagues and to torture her. Deng Xiaoping also had a sister working in a certain army unit, and she had taken several looks at the wreaths in the corridor. This of course was also good, and the thing to do was to keep her in isolation for interrogation day and night. This should do it! Also Deng Xiaoping had a son in the school. There was no harm in picking him up for interrogation too. So fascist terrorism was working in harmony with the Chinese feudalist practice of dragging in relatives. What a fine performance!

The light by the side of Lan Run Yuan Lake burned past midnight. After a sumptuous supper, the scholars lay down to relax in satisfaction. The article was delivered by a special car to Yao Wenyuan, who, with some strokes of his pen, added this sentence: "Deng Xiaoping is the master-mind behind this counterrevolutionary incident." Through his descriptive pen, the main theme of the article stood out more conspicuously. Yet the overthrow of Deng Xiaoping was not their ultimate goal. Their 7 April victory, like 2 months ago, was limited after all. Comrade Hua Guofeng became the first deputy chairman of the Party Central Committee and concurrently the premier of the State Council. The ambition of the "gang of four" once again met with a setback. In the face of a new antagonist whom they might not quite understand, how would Zhang Chunqiao write another "Impression"? At the bidding of the "gang of four," Liang Xiao and the RENMIN RIBAO Writing Group again concocted two articles: "The Tiananmen Square Counterrevolutionary Political Incident (Continued)" and "People of the Nagy Type Must Not Be Permitted To Come to Power" which began to point the spearhead at Comrade Hua Guofeng.

While the inmates of the grey building once again burned midnight oil, Chi Qun, a small man with a repulsive complexion, entered the dining hall. He enjoyed his meal heartily and expressed satisfaction in Liang Xiao's work. But on second thought, some punitive action might still be necessary for those wavering elements. His female associate still pretended to be courteous to the worthy and condescending to the scholarly. Probably she was again on a mission of making contacts with the Empress' "Beijing Scholars" and the "worthies" of Liang Xiao.

9. A Reign of Terror, but of What Color?

Qu Hailiang drowned his sorrow at his friend's home with liquor. Three days ago, 4 April, he took his son to Tiananmen for more than half a day, to let him see what he might never be able to see again. In the morning

of 5 April, he saw someone off at the railway station and again passed by Tiananmen, where he saw thousands and tens of thousands of people singing the "Internationale" on the steps of the Great Hall. He also saw militia-men and army-men heightening their vigilance. Then on 6 April, he knew what had happened on the Square in the evening of 5 April.

The glass was trembling in his hand. He was not particularly fond of drinking, because he usually drank for fun on New Years and other festivals, or when he visited relatives and friends. Today, however, he drank only to drown his sorrow.

"So finally, they moved!" Qu Hailiang sighed.

". . ." His schoolmate forced a smile and took two sips as his answer.

At exactly 2000 hours, the broadcast began. The Central Radio Station broadcast the RENMIN RIBAO Worker-Peasant-Soldier report.

Qu Hailiang's heart was pounding and his face immediately became flushed. He lifted his glass and took a big gulp. The strong liquor irritated his throat and he coughed violently with a wry face.

"I'll be damned! The same as my couplet. The broadcast says 'Raising our heads, we unsheathe our swords,' and I wrote 'Raising my head, I wield my weapon.' They will check further. There may be a large-scale crackdown coming." Qu Hailiang made every effort to remain calm and told his young bosom friend what he thought.

His schoolmate said: "Let us do it this way. Starting from tomorrow, I'll phone you every day. If you are not there, I will take care of the communication between you and your wife. If you want to dispose of anything, take it to my house to be burned."

Qu Hailiang nodded. To such a good friend, there was no need to say "Thank you."

That night, he returned to the institute, full of dismay. Small groups of people were chatting about something, and someone was cleaning the blackboard on the fourth floor. He went straight up to the fifth floor. The blackboard there had not yet been cleaned. He was the editor on the fifth floor, and in the 1 April issue, there was the picture of the Monument in the middle. On the left, was a quotation from Chairman Mao: "Thousands upon thousands of martyrs have heroically laid down their lives for the people" On the right was Chairman Mao's poem to the tune of "Die Lian Hua." Naturally, copying the poem in memory of Yang Kaihui constituted a crime. If they really wanted to arrest him, even erasing it would make no difference. Qu Hailiang was absorbed in his thoughts on his way back to the dormitory. He found all the poems he had copied in Tiananmen, and burned them in the toilet. He then rearranged his belongings

and books. His mind was confused, not knowing what to do next. One thing he did instinctively was to go out.

He walked out of the dormitory. People were chatting about something at every corner. Wang Xueyan [3769 1331 1750] was arrested a few hours ago.

Wang Xueyan? That Wang Xueyan whom everyone in the institute knew so well?

Wang Xueyan was a young hard-working technician. That day, after lunch, he was planning to return to the dormitory for a rest, when the deputy secretary of the institute sent for him.

When he got to the office, the deputy secretary invited him to sit down and poured a glass of water for him, saying: "Nothing particular. Just a chat with you."

Wang Xueyan felt a little strange. Normally, he hardly had any contact with this deputy secretary, and this deputy secretary had never been so friendly. Wang Xueyan lit up a cigarette, and while smoking, watched the deputy secretary's face, hoping to find some clue and waiting for him to speak.

"Little Wang, how old are you?"

"Thirty-one."

"Are you married yet?"

"No."

"Any girl friend?"

"Deputy secretary, why all these questions?"

"Nothing particular. Just a chat."

It was hard to find out what this deputy secretary had in mind. Wang Xueyan said: "Deputy secretary, if there is nothing, I would rather leave!"

"Oh, no, no. There is something." He hastily stood up and gestured with his hand for Wang Xueyan to remain. Then he sat down and said: "If you still have no girl friend, that is good. If you have? Eh . . . well, still good. Now changing to another subject, I hear you like poetry and songs, right?"

"Yes, since I was in primary school."

"Well, that is a good hobby. Not many people engaged in scientific research are fond of poetry and songs. I have read one of your poems. It is good ha ha!"

"I like poetry, but I can't write good poems." Wang Xueyan was a little shaken up. He sensed something unusual in the deputy secretary's laughter. "Does he already know about my poems posted in Tiananmen?" he thought.

On the day of the Qing Ming Festival, Wang Xueyan, with great emotion, wrote three poems and put them up on the Monument. One of them read:

"Your brilliance surpasses the sun, moon and stars,
Your merits are higher than Peak Jolmo Longma.
Your loyal soul is praised by thousands of families.
Your great name will last throughout eternity.

"Spitting venom can only be futile;
Fomenting trouble yields nothing worthwhile.
Look at the people 800 million strong,
Ready with swords to kill all demons."

When he was posting the poems, he knew somebody was watching him. On a sudden impulse, he went to accost that man, who then evaded him in embarrassment. Then he circled the Square twice and found the same man following him. So he suddenly boarded a public bus and shook off his shadow. On his return to the institute, he told his comrades about being shadowed.

The deputy secretary did not notice Wang Xueyan's expression and still kept on his desultory talk.

"Poetry is good"

Wang Xueyan went straight to the point and said: "If I don't write well, I may be criticized. Deputy secretary, I have heard that you supported the sending of wreaths, and said that the Tiananmen Incident was an opinion poll."

"Yes, I said that Now, let's not talk anymore about it How is your family getting on? Are you the first child, or second?"

"The first one, with four younger brothers and sisters."

"Eh, quite many. In the past, old people liked to have many children. But they had a heavy burden. Perhaps this is the reason why you remain single"

Now, Wang Xueyan lost his patience and wanted to leave. However, the deputy secretary again stopped him, saying: "Don't go away. We have not had much chance for a chat"

Wang Xueyan felt helpless, but he could not understand why the deputy secretary was doing all this.

Suddenly the door was pushed open. Two public security men entered and came before Wang Xueyan. They waved a warrant before him and produced two pictures, saying: "You are under arrest!"

Wang Xueyan was so astonished that he could not speak. The two pictures showed his posted poems taken from two different angles. He was handcuffed and pushed out of the office. He turned around to take an angry look at the deputy secretary and felt his own temples throbbing. The deputy secretary's face was expressionless--neither flushed nor pale....

In fact, the arrests did not begin on 7 April, and not even on 5 April.

As early as the evening of 3 April, Han Zhixiong of the Beijing No Two Building Repa Company was already arrested by some plainclothesmen on the trumped up charge of "car theft" and thrown into jail.

In the evening of 4 April, Li Xilin [2621 6007 2651], a worker of the Chaoyang [2600 7122] Packing Material Plant who had read poems aloud for others to hear in Tiananmen Square, was beaten up and dumped into a police van

In the early morning of 4 April, Song Shengjun [1345 0524 0971] of the 109th Plant of the Academy of Sciences, was at home and heard some window glass rattling. He sat up and shouted. He saw the shadow of a man which soon disappeared. Song Shengjun slept again. After 7 April, he began to realize that since he was the one who drafted the poems written on the four large placards, he was soon to receive hard blows. After forming a league of joint defense with his comrades in the plant, he next attended to his letters and diary and destroyed what he had written at home about the political situation after the premier's death and the Tiananmen Incident. That day, when he got home after work and was walking on a lane into the yard of his own house, someone was following him and he could even hear the voice of a militiaman with a red armband giving the man certain directions. Little Song simply sneered at them. He told his mother about it. Since his mother was a cadre and by no means alarmed, Little Song felt much comforted.

At 4 o'clock next morning, someone knocked at his door saying that he had to take a census. Then three plainclothesmen burst in followed by a policeman from a local station. The door was left open, and below the street light, there were more than 10 worker-militiamen armed with clubs and guarding the door.

"You are Song Shengjun, right? Come with us!"

"What for?"

"Because of your counterrevolutionary activities, we have to exercise proletarian dictatorship over you!"

A few minutes later, Song Shengjun was handcuffed and pushed into a jeep. Two men flanking him pushed his head down. He was riding in a jeep as if "on an airplane."

Later, five men came to search his house and took away his 20 notebooks, containing all the study notes taken by a barely 20-year-old youth.

In Nanjing, the crackdown came much earlier. The action taken by the Nanjing University students, the handbill of Xu Tongxin and the poster spelling out the name of the person under attack put up by Wang Yunde and two other persons were reported by a certain correspondent to Beijing within only hours after their appearances. Wong Hongwen and Zhang Chunqiao fiercely ordered: "Resolute suppression!" On 1 April came the so-called "phone directive from the Central Committee" whereby the Nanjing incident was officially designated as a "political incident" with the "spearhead pointing at the Central Committee" and "the instigators must be brought to justice." People were immediately mobilized to wash away the big-character posters and written slogans. Nobody was willing to go, so the army men and militiamen had to be used. The army men were to wear civilian dress, carry handcuffs and start out at night.

On 6 April, at the bidding of the "gang of four," the Jiangsu Provincial Public Security Bureau treated Xu Tongxin's handbill as evidence of the serious "30 March" counterrevolutionary incident, and people from every family had to write something for a handwriting expert to check. At about the same time, there were seven other "serious counterrevolutionary cases."

The Public Security Bureau first worked on Wang Yunde and Yin Hui. Since the written slogan bore the signature of the Water Pump Plant, there was no need to look for any other clue.

In the evening of 15 April, Wang Yunde was doing laundry at home. Zhang Jingmei came near and said: "The fish I caught is ready. Are you going to eat?"

Wang Yunde grimaced: "I have the feeling that I have to go now. Save the fish for yourself!"

Sister Wu stood at the door and looked around. Then poking her head into the house, she said: "Dr Wang, please be careful. Many people have come from the police station."

Sister Wu left after speaking. Wang Yunde looked at her watch. It would soon be 8 o'clock, the time for her to work. As usual, she brought yarn and needles with her, but this time, she held her son's hand. The son

was not yet 10 years old. She thought: "Probably I may not see my son again."

As soon as she stepped out of the door, a leader of her plant came and asked her to go to the police station with him. Seeing the leader's dejection, she already knew everything. But she understood how the leader felt.

They went to the police station together. On the way, Zhang Jingmei encouraged his wife: "Don't be afraid. I will take care of things at home. We are not guilty. Keep on struggling and the victory will be ours. Don't compromise."

Wang Yunde replied: "I remember Comrade Chen Yi's poem, 'A Revolutionary Sheds Blood, But Not Tears!'"

The child asked: "Why does Zhang Chunqiao arrest Mama? Mama, let us go home quickly!"

Wang Yunde caressed the boy and said: "I cannot go home now."

The child's face flushed with anger. He said: "When I grow up, I will be a public security man. I will tie up Zhang Chunqiao and shoot him!"

Wang Yunde smiled with satisfaction. She saw more than one jeep parked at Xiaolingwei [1321 7227 5898] and thought: "This is ready for me." She walked over there, still knitting.

About the same time, Yin Hui also said goodbye to his newly married wife. He also came toward the same road taken by Wang Yunde.

Now it was Xu Tongxin. Little Xu was all ready to go to jail. He did not have to wait long. After the first 10 days of April, he already knew that he was being tailed. He thought: "Should I surrender myself?" But he soon changed his mind. "Everything I did was open and above-board. If I go to give myself up, won't that be capitulation?" He quickly brought the mess accounts up to date so that by the time he had to go to jail, some comrade could easily take over.

On 16 April, the leader of the party group looked for Xu Tongxin. He said: "Based on your behavior since you joined the ranks, the party branch feels that you are now qualified for party membership, and plans to have you admitted on the 1 May festival. What do you think of it?"

This unexpected talk moved Little Xu greatly. But he soon quieted down. He knew the group leader was still in the dark. He thought for a while and gave his reply which had a double meaning: "Let the party be assured that I am ready to stand any stiff test!"

The group leader was quite satisfied with his reply and never thought anything could go wrong. In the early morning of 20 April, however, Xu Tongxin was awakened from a dream and told to buy some vegetables for the battalion commander. In fact, his room was already surrounded by people with loaded guns. And this took place only 4 days after his talk with the group leader.

Thus in a few seconds, a prospective Communist Party member became an "active counterrevolutionary arch criminal." He was handcuffed.

The turn of Li Xining and Qin Feng came next.

Next again came that of Kang Yuyi and Zhang Xiayang, to be followed by that of Cao Zhijie and Wang Haili.

The evil tentacles for arresting counterrevolutionaries stretched all over the country. It was a reign of terror in the guise of "proletarian dictatorship" and of unknown color! Socialism, which was something sacred and dignified in people's hearts had been trampled under fascist heels.

In Beijing, on 7 April, all people who had visited Tiananmen in the previous several days, had to be registered. They had to give the day and hour of the visits, and if they had copied any poems, they had to make a clean breast and hand over all of them. Those visitors considered "politically unreliable" were disqualified for visiting the parks on the Labor Day on 1 May. In dealing with thousands and tens of thousands of people "holding different political views," all constitutional rights and freedom of speech were trampled underfoot by the "gang of four." A single letter or a single sentence would constitute an offense liable to arrest. Liu Chuanxin declared fiercely: "We do everything openly according to the leaders' directives!" He added: "It is now under emergency. Arrests can be made without warrants." In the public security system under the Beijing Bureau, 15 persons were either arrested or kept in isolation, and more than 600 others were subjected to interrogations for sympathizing with the masses or refusing to carry out orders of persecution.

Furthermore, Liu Chuanxin and his cohorts had well in advance dispatched a large number of plainclothesmen to keep the residences of some Central Committee members under surveillance. During the Qing Ming Festival, the public security workers, hiding themselves near a certain State Council dormitory, received this order: As soon as Wang Zhen's son steps out of doors, put him under arrest on the charge of complicity in the Tiananmen Incident. Even Wang Zhen himself and Marshal Ye had to take precautions against being bugged by the "gang of four."

Of course, those who had bravely put up poems, made speeches and struggled with the policemen and militiamen carrying out the suppression could not be spared. Checking on mail, shadowing, kidnapping, and the use of

miniature cameras and other methods were used. In dealing with an unarmed Xiao Zhijie, five police vans with more than 100 people were mobilized; and because of He Yanguang alone, more than 100 persons of a small factory with 400 employees were inculpated. The public security bureau of a certain province sent some people to Shanghai for the so-called "reactionary letters" written by the people to expose WENHUI BAO. Ma Tienshui gave his personal approval along with these notes: "All right to give them, but keep one copy for our own file."

The events in Tiananmen gave Shanghai, the "citadel" directly controlled by the "gang of four," a sense of insecurity. On 10 April, the chief-tain of Shanghai Militia Command wrote Ma Tienshui this letter:

"According to the Municipal CCP Committee's instruction, we have carried out the preliminary deployment of forces based on the Drafted Plan 'On Measures To Be Taken To Prevent Counterrevolutionary Violence.'" Below is an excerpt from the Original Plan, also called "Number 123 Counter-attack Plan and Plan for the Protection of Kang Office and the Surrounding Areas":

"The first batch of mobile combat-ready force, 10,300 strong, including 200 automobiles, will be supplied by 10 units including the Jiangnan [Shipyards] and the Shanghai Number Three Iron and Steel Plant every day. All district divisions will be in command of a 15,000-strong force.

"Number One Plan for Counterattack: A 61,700-strong force is available to encircle the location of incidents from three directions.

"Number Two Counterattack Plan: A Second Mobile Batch will be quickly mobilized to support Plant Number One.

"Number Three Counterattack Plan: The command post will be in charge of the backbone elements (approximately 50,000) of mobile forces. At the same time, militiamen throughout the city will be mobilized and remain in combat-readiness.

"Plan for the Protection of Kang Office: Some 8,000 troops will be divided into two echelon formations to block off all road intersections."

Just look. This is about the Second Armed Forces of Shanghai, well-known across the land. The "Little Brothers" continued to hold meetings. On an evening in April, a division of militiamen and policemen, together with 200 automobiles held its first maneuver. A henchman of the "gang of four" came to the People's Square to watch the show. He said with great satisfaction: "What fine martial spirit!"

After the Tiananmen Incident, "counterrevolutionary cases" sharply increased according to the records of public security statistics throughout the country. The writer visited a certain provincial public security

bureau. According to their statement, in that province along, and in the month of April 1976, the statistics of these so-called "counterrevolutionary cases" were: circulating counterrevolutionary handbills, 14 cases; posting counterrevolutionary written slogans, 41 cases; writing counterrevolutionary letters, 6 cases; shouting counterrevolutionary slogans, 2 cases; spreading rumors, 60 cases; making counterrevolutionary speeches, 38 cases; and participation in the Tiananmen Incident, 3 cases.

Example One:

At 9 o'clock in the morning of 13 April, a handbill was discovered beside the gate of the X X Municipal Department Store Building, reading: "While the tiger was being driven away by the rear exit, a wolf enters by the front door. It has three heads and six arms. There is also a woman from Qiushan [8002 1472]. Both reasoning and force are used, together with 'most, most' to hurt people. Where is the Constitution? The Square has become a slaughter ground. If you do not believe, look at the red wall where corpses were cremated." There is also a line written in small print: "Down with Lin Biao!"

The Provincial Bureau's directive: "Take resolute and forceful measures to deflate the enemy's arrogance."

Example Two:

In the morning of 10 April, a 100,000-strong rally was held in X X City to condemn Deng Xiaoping. Cui [1508] X X left the meeting place and had a brawl with the militiaman on duty. He was arrested and brought to the police station. A notebook was found in his body with many reactionary slogans, such as: "Support the revolutionary action of the arrested comrades in arms in Beijing." "Expose the Conspiracy of the careerists and don't make Chairman Mao a figurehead!" and so forth. Cui X X, male, aged 24, was formerly a worker in Jiaohua [3542 0553] Plant, but was later transferred to an elementary school in the second district of Yushan [Rain Mountain] to serve as a worker-teacher. At the preliminary interrogation, Cui made this statement: "Dismissal of Deng Xiaoping is not consistent with Chairman Mao's teaching, and I cannot overlook it." "At the rally, I planned to ascend the rostrum to take over the loud-speaker and appeal to the masses." "There were too many people and the place was closely guarded by the PLA and the Militia, so I could not force my way up. I planned to protest by withdrawing from the rally."

Comments by a certain responsible person of the Provincial CCP Committee: "To be detained for strict interrogation and to be dealt with according to law. Ask all localities to pay attention and to increase their vigilance."

Example Three:

Counterrevolutionary Cheng [4435] X X, male, age 47, native of X X county, storekeeper of a food bureau. He was a communist before the arrest. At a plenary meeting of party members held by the party branch of the rice processing factory of the food bureau in the afternoon of 4 May 1976, for the purpose of studying the spirit of the citywide Communist Party members meeting (criticism of Deng's counterattack) held on 30 April, he was asked to unequivocally clarify his attitude to the movement. Cheng said: "I have nothing to say about my understanding or attitude. If I am forced to, then I prefer to resign and go home. Going home is also a way of making revolution. I don't agree with the criticism of Deng Xiaoping as the biggest capitalist roader . . . " The party branch decided to check up on him. In the evening, Cheng handed out a slip of paper containing 20-30 words saying: "I do not agree to criticize Deng Xiaoping as the biggest capitalist roader. He is a good comrade. Chairman Mao has said: 'If there is any mistake, correct it,' and that is all." Cheng X X was arrested on 7 May.

The investigations proceeded with increasing severity, and went far beyond the scope of the Tiananmen Incident. China, a land of misery, now witnessed even more innocent souls! Please read the suicide note of Comrade Zhang Ma Ya [1728 1265 1236] of a certain institute of the Seventh Ministry of Machine Building, written on 14 May. She was the niece of the famous writer Mao Dun, and formerly the vice minister of the textile industry; and the daughter of Zhang Qinqiu [1728 3830 4428], a veteran Red Army cadre.

"What I find difficult is that as I have not committed any error, it is impossible for me to fabricate any self-examination to protect my reputation and for my family's safety. Party spirit forbids me this kind of bartering.

"What is my viewpoint?

"1. I warmly love our great leader Chairman Mao. My belief in him is unshakeable.

"2. Whom do I suspect, distrust and oppose? Just Jiang and Zhang. I oppose them because of their private lives in the movement and their ultraleftism. Ever since the beginning of the Great Cultural Revolution, these two persons have ganged up to compile incriminating dossiers against our beloved Premier Zhou. They were the ones who opposed Premier Zhou and plotted the anti-premier incident through MASS REFERENCE and WENHUI BAO. These two were naturally their protectors.

"These are my viewpoints. I lack the courage to speak them out, because I cannot bear the thought of appearing before my comrades as a counter-revolutionary a second time. I lack the courage to speak while I am alive;

but I will have this courage if I die! Anyway, I rather die upholding truth than live a false life.

. . . .

"I know my reputation will be ruined after my death, but some day, when truth will prevail, I hope the organization will rehabilitate me as a Communist Party member.

"My family and my children are innocent. I hope they will be protected."

Zhang Maya's soul hovered around Kunming Lake. Instead of enjoying any tranquillity, she was formally labeled an "active counterrevolutionary" by Shu Longshan [5289 7893 1472], a lackey of the "gang of four," and reported to the Ministry of Public Security

At the risk of being accused by our readers of being verbose, I have cited the above instances to show what kind of "counterrevolutionaries" were charged. What gives us much food for thought is that in both Beijing and Nanjing, these "counterrevolutionaries" formed quite a large proportion of the total party membership. While showing the grave danger of a party split, this nevertheless indicated that the majority of party members were worthy proletarian advanced elements. Their stand at the forefront in struggling with the "gang of four" tells us that inside the party, there lurked the strength to rid itself of a malignant tumor.

The struggle between suppression and countersuppression and between investigation and counterinvestigation went on throughout the country. People's hearts could not be suppressed. A middle school student wrote: "Leading troops to conquer Old China, were the famous generals Deng and Liu. Despite their loyalty to the revolution and their merits in achieving stability and unity, these founders of the country have now become trash. They were overthrown without cause, and we cannot get over it in our minds." Having gone through 10 years' upheavals, the people were no longer sunk in abysmal ignorance. A few years ago, they were divided into factions. Now they were united under the banner of mourning Premier Zhou and opposing the "gang of four," and are protecting one another. Did he go to Tiananmen? Yes, on his way home. Did he listen to rumors? Yes, when he was riding on the trolley or taking a bath in the public bath house. Aside from giving secret protection, many cadres have volunteered to step out to defend the masses, saying: "No one in our unit has ever been to Tiananmen." On the other hand, many people volunteered to protect the cadres, saying: "We went to Tiananmen of our own accord. It had nothing to do with the leadership." Many leaders protected their people from being arrested by making the statement "We have already taken disciplinary action against them." This was how the young painter avoided imprisonment, through being tracked down. Most people with a conscience no longer believed in such bombastic phrases as "love or no

love depends on the line followed," which encouraged people to betray their own comrades. After all, they were all victims of a common suffering and were sharing the same worry. They are now more competent in dealing with evil forces, and have learned the meaning of love among relatives, comrades and friends.

In the morning of 9 April, A Taiwan bound train left Beijing station on its 135th trip, after sounding a long whistle. In a seat below the window was a young taciturn passenger, scanning the broad plain outside the window with his searching bespectacled eyes. This was Wang Lishan [3769 4539 1472], the author of the famous "Raising Our Heads, We Unsheathe Our Swords" poem.

In the early morning of 6 April, Wang Lishan again came to Tiananmen Square and saw several garbage trucks cleaning up the place. Clenching his teeth, he said indignantly: "Go ahead and wash. You may wash away the blood stains in the Square, but never those on your hands or the hatred in people's minds!"

He again went to a hospital to see his sick father, who was the vice director of the State Economic Commission. His father trembled with rage on hearing what his son told him, and said: "So this is the way they treat people in their millions. It is plain fascism! Lishan, more suppression is to follow. They will not stop here."

Sure enough, in the following evening, when Wang Lishan and his family were at the dinner table, the so-called counterrevolutionary incident in Tiananmen Square was announced over the radio. The mouthful of rice, just swallowed, violently pressed against Wang Lishan's heart. He heard that among the so-called counterrevolutionary poems, his own "Raising Our Heads, We Unsheathe Our Swords" was mentioned. It was a serious matter, and he could be arrested any time. The whole family became tense.

Who could possibly have thought that his mother's underground experience could be used to good advantage at this date!

After asking him whether he had noticed anyone shadowing him or taking his picture, his mother told him: First, leave Beijing for Taiwan quickly; second, from now on, show your face as little as possible; third, do a little face makeup and immediately buy a pair of eyeglasses; and fourth, never write with a brush again and never make any public statement to arouse people's suspicion.

The "Raising Our Heads, We Unsheathe Our Swords" poem was listed as counter-revolutionary case "No 001" to be tracked down by all possible means.

Wang Lishan reached Taiwan and worked quietly in a shack of the Machinery Plant of the Construction Section of the Third Railway Bureau. His brother carried on clandestine communications with him in a clever way. Since

things had already come to such a stage, it was no longer possible for him to retreat. Therefore, he determined to follow his parents' examples in underground work and to carry on a long struggle until the day when the sky and the earth would be overturned.

During these days, he made only one trip to Shijiazhuang. To avoid involving his girl friend, he told his mother to return her gifts. Thereafter, all danger or suffering would be borne by himself alone.

He told his girl friend his recent experiences, at the risk of his own life. After the preliminary shock, his girl friend quieted down. She was from a martyr's family. On Qing Ming festival, she made a special trip to Beijing and took part in the struggle in the Square after presenting a white flower. At that moment, her lover had already become an "arch criminal" being sought by the public security authorities. But she still loved him, and even more than ever. Tears moistened the eyes of the lovers. They marched on arm in arm, trusting everything to fate. This type of love, founded on a common ideal and a common struggle, could not be separated by the blows of the sword or even by death.

Meanwhile, in a small room of the 109th Plant of the Academy of Sciences, there was Little Zhang and a heap of junk. Little Zhang was also one of the designers of the 109th Plant's wreath as well as a participant in the so-called "premeditated meeting" in Tiananmen, a maker of the four placards containing the "reactionary poem" and one of those who tipped over the loudspeaker van.

His "crime" was indeed serious. However, despite every effort, no "reliable" person could be found to watch him. Someone said in a forthright manner: "My political consciousness is not up to the level. I don't want to go." Thus he had to accept the "glorious political assignment." Later, two rather trustworthy persons were chosen for this job. A reliable "hero" who had refused to go to Tiananmen on Qing Ming Festival was chosen to be the chief of the "detention center."

Little Zhang had some gastro-intestinal trouble and lost weight every day. The guards prepared porridge for him and were caught by the "chief."

"What are you doing?"

"I have boiled some porridge for him. He has a bad stomach."

"No, this is not permitted. If he has a bad stomach, how could he have had the great strength to go to Tiananmen with the placards?"

What a sadist! All printed matters had to be "personally" checked by him. The little room was dark and damp and the lighting of a fire was forbidden despite the cold weather. However the "chief" never thought that the two rather trustworthy persons had also been to Tiananmen Square

and were in sympathy with Little Zhang. Having won the confidence of the "gang of four's" sworn follower in the Academy of Sciences, the "chief" was strict indeed. Yet under his very nose, Little Zhang was kept informed of whatever was going on outside and of the progress of special cases. The secret was that the two guards had their own way of supplying information to Little Zhang. Sometimes, they deliberately talked aloud outside, just to let Little Zhang hear. Sometimes, when Little Zhang's wife came for a visit and the "chief" did not permit it, they would help deliver a slip of paper. If the "chief" wanted to talk about reason, they would try to accomodate him. If the "chief" wanted to use force, they had their fists too.

One autumn night, the two guards took Little Zhang out for a "walk." At first they strolled in the yard, and then out of the plant compound.

"This is risky," Little Zhang said, worried on the guards' account. "You two have to take the responsibility."

"Never mind. The 'chief' has already returned home."

Soon it was all dark. They strolled on and on until they reached Xinjieshou, several kilometers away.

Little Zhang's home was only three stations away. The guards took a quick look around, and then said to him: "Go home quickly and tell your wife not to worry. She came to see you several times but the "chief" did not permit her to. Make the best use of your time. We will wait for you at the Route 22 Bus station 2 hours later"

So Little Zhang got home amid the mingled feelings of sorrow and pleasure. They were grateful to the two guards and could not control their tears. These two guards were indeed the representatives of millions upon millions of Chinese people with a sense of righteousness. Little Zhang stayed home about 1 hour, and to avoid inculcating the two well-intentioned guards, hurriedly returned to the Route 22 Bus Station.

The readers may worry about the fate of Qu Hailiang. Now let us return to the beginning of this chapter.

The action against Qu Hailiang was later than expected. It was even a surprise to them. Although the henchmen of the "gang of four" as early as 10 April declared Qu Hailiang's couplet as "counterrevolutionary," they for a long time could not trace the identity of the author. The reason was quite simple: Qu Hailiang and his comrades were all united heart-to-heart, and they all insisted that it was a collective job, with one or two words contributed by each of them. So if they wanted to make any arrest, they had to arrest all of them. Some comrades even volunteered to claim responsibility for the "political rumor" spread by Qu Hailiang in order to reduce the pressure on him.

Thus Qu Hailiang had the opportunity to make one more trip to the south to report to the units concerned on the satellite launching. In either Hangzhou or Shanghai, workers, cadres and the research institute's "ninth category" people as well as ordinary people in the cities all wanted to know the truth of the Tiananmen Incident. They said: "Newspaper accounts are newspaper accounts, but what we want to know is the truth." Before these people, Qu Hailiang could only force a smile as a hint of his reply. Although everyone had the same feelings, he could not say much in view of his own precarious situation. While working as hard as he could, he kept his ears open on the progress of the "investigations" in Beijing, on the basis of which he had to plan his own course of action.

Sure enough, he could not be always so lucky. After the "May 1" Anniversary, his institute received five telegrams and long distance calls from Beijing urging his immediate return.

On 15 May, Qu Hailiang could not postpone his return any longer. Many comrades, even some strangers, saw him off at the North Station and gave him dumplings and fruits. Sadness was in every heart. They told him: "Another person in the 502nd Institute has been arrested. Whatever may happen, please be sure to take care of your own health." Qu Hailiang shed tears at the warmth expressed by his comrades at the time of his impending disaster.

Who would be waiting to meet him? Would they be the three semi-"leftists" in his institute or the policemen from the Public Security Bureau? Qu Hailiang pressed his face against the window glass and thought deeply. It never occurred to him that the comrades of his institute had for several days sent people to the civil aviation bureau, the railway station and the bus station to wait for him in order to bring him up to date and to brief him.

The closer he was to Beijing, the more tense he became. Finally the Beijing Railway Station was right in front, and he boldly poked his head out of the window.

Before the train pulled to a full stop, Qu Hailiang suddenly gave a cry. He saw two comrades in arms in the building. They had secretly hurried to the railway station in the western suburbs on bicycles.

The two persons immediately stopped him from crying, took over his baggage and ran toward the exit. Qu Hailiang wanted to open his mouth to ask, but was stopped. He could only follow them in running. They were out of the station, but still continued to run. Qu Hailiang was puzzled. Finally, they reached a public latrine in a small lane on the eastern side. The two men looked around and then said in a low voice. "There are many plainclothesmen in Beijing. One careless word, and you will be arrested."

Qu Hailiang said: "It is the same in Shanghai. In Zhaojiaxing [5128 1367 3203] Road, a retired worker was practicing Chinese boxing when he saw a group of militiamen speeding past in a car. He uttered only one abusive sentence, and was taken away by a plainclothesman."

The two men said: "If anyone asks you about the 'political rumor,' just say you don't know!"

Qu Hailiang said: "But many people know that I was the one who wrote the scroll. Can I still refuse to admit it?"

"No, you didn't write it! We will back you up!"

Qu Hailiang did not accept the advice of his comrades in arms, because he did not want to involve them. As soon as he arrived at the institute, he went straight to the investigation group and said: "I wrote the couplet. The wolves mentioned therein refer to imperialism, revisionism and reactionaries."

The man of the investigation group pretended to be friendly, saying: "I like your attitude. Now, how about writing something about what you actually did?"

The comrades in the group secretly warned Qu Hailiang: "Don't do anything foolish. He is only pretending."

Sure enough, the man asked Qu Hailiang to write a second time about "what you saw, what you heard and what you thought of it?"

Qu Hailiang wrote: "In the society, there is an evil wind opposing Premier Zhou"

The investigation group then asked him to write a third time to "make a clean breast of the basis of your reactionary thoughts"

All these were baits! The investigation on Qu Hailiang had escalated. A "study class to eliminate resistance" had been set up for those who had tried to protect Qu Hailiang. The "gang of four's" henchman in the Seventh Ministry of Machine Building roared with anger: "Even a scroll has to be criticized for several months without any result. He is a counterrevolutionary even though the scroll was locked in a drawer in his room instead of being carried on the wreath!"

In June, a "study class" was formally declared for Qu Hailiang, and he was not permitted to leave Zhongguan [0022 7070] Village or to talk to anyone freely. He was also deprived of the freedom of correspondence. He was not even permitted to meet his very sick wife at the railway station.

Qu Hailiang knew that another escalation would land him in prison.

There were indeed numerous "counterrevolutionaries" in China in 1976! With their own bodies, they were building a great wall which no brute force could ever destroy.

10. After Being Handcuffed

Before the arrival of thunder and rain, a strong wind swept over Huangpu River, the Stone City, Tiananmen and the great earth of the motherland. This strong wind forced a batch of fine elements of our nation, some courageous and thoughtful workers, students and fighters . . . to another world to begin a new life, deprived of freedom, though briefly. Wantonly trampling the socialist legal system underfoot, the "gang of four" intimidated and maltreated them by keeping them among criminals, letting the criminals supervise them, or even brutally carrying out "education with clubs." The "gang of four's" henchman even fiercely upbraided some interrogators for being "ideologically rightist," and ordered them to treat all detainees as counterrevolutionaries. Liu Chuanxin even said openly: "We must be firm and should never be hesitant in dealing with these people!" Some public security workers, deceived or pressured by the "gang of four," sent out large numbers of hatchet men as though to remind people of a return to the age of barbarism. Some other public security workers reluctantly carried out orders and suffered in the same way as the tortured "political prisoners," though from pangs of conscience. There were still others who took advantage of their special positions to carry out special struggles against the "gang of four."

What happened after being handcuffed?

In Shanghai . . .

Huang Shuisheng [7806 3055 3932], a young electrician of the Xuhui Ward Service Company, was brought into the interrogation room.

In the early morning of 8 April, he made a piece of white brocade into a flag and hoisted it at full mast about the height of a 3-4 story building in the center of the People's Square. In the flag was an 8-inch portrait of the premier mounted on cardboard and protected by a plastic container.

This white flag symbolized the premier's pure and spotless life, fluttering in the breeze. On the flag were written several big characters reading: "Solemnly Mourning Premier Zhou Enlai." Huang Shuisheng tied the end of the flag rope securely around the mast. He did not go away. He felt that what he did was open and aboveboard and there should be no reason for running away. He then took out a copy of Premier Zhou's obituary notice and read out before a gradually swelling crowd. Later two persons looking like militiamen came up and the young man's hat and eyeglasses were knocked off. After a shower of fist blows, he was pushed into a jeep. He was handcuffed from behind and several men pushed his head down until it almost touched his toes.

By this time, Huang Shuisheng was stripped of all his clothes and had to wear a black prisoner's uniform. Needless to say, his personal belongings were thoroughly searched.

"What is your name?"

"Dao [mourn] Enlai."

"Where is your home?"

"Shanghai Bund."

"Your occupation?"

"Builder of Socialist Mansion."

The roaring questions were answered in a quiet voice. The interrogator was angered. Huang Shuisheng was forced to keep his head low, pushed around, slapped on the face

"You can't hit people!"

"We can't hit people! But you are a counterrevolutionary "

Huang Shuisheng was angry too. He straightened himself up and debated with them:

"What crime is it to mourn the premier? He is loved by the people. Don't you love him? "

Another slap on the face was the answer. He was then brought to a detention center. Commenting on the case of flag-raising by Huang Shuisheng, Ma Tianshui wrote these words on the report: "Be strict. Don't let him off. Must be severely dealt with." A henchman of the "gang of four" in Shanghai took personal charge of the interrogation.

"What did you mean by raising that white flag?"

"It was not a white flag, but a mourning flag, mourning Premier Zhou. The premier's portrait was on the flag "

"Nonsense! Hoisting a white flag means capitulation. You know that?..."

Huang Shuisheng secretly laughed on hearing this. He said to himself: If I am a counterrevolutionary and I capitulate to the people, isn't this a revolutionary act? Do people hoist a flag at full mast in capitulation? He answered: "The Japanese flag is white too, with a sun in the center. Does that also mean capitulation? "

The interrogator could only keep on staring and feel tongue-tied. Huang Shuisheng quietly answered all his questions. The men pushed and shook him. Then he shouted: "Why not use your torture rack?"

It was 5 o'clock in the morning. Dull whistles could be heard every now and then from Huangpu River. Anxious to report success to Ma Tianshui, the henchman ordered 29 men to interrogate him by turn so as to wear him out.

"Do you still dare to go to Nanjing Road?"

"Yes, if you will let me!"

Huang Shuisheng remembered that he was arrested without being shown a warrant. So he protested: "You arrested me not according to the regular procedure. Let me go quickly."

"This can be made up later. But your crime is beyond question. You can never get away with it"

A few days later, a preliminary investigator brought an arrest warrant to be signed by Huang Shuisheng.

"History will declare me not guilty. Your action means bourgeois dictatorship."

"You are an active counterrevolutionary. Sign quickly!"

He wrote "Huang Shuisheng wants to appeal" on the paper. The people hit him again. While being beaten, he kept on counting the number of blows: "87, 88, 89"

Huang Shuisheng resorted to a hunger strike as a protest to the fascist atrocities, and did not eat anything for 5 days. He was originally of a slender build; now he was reduced to a living skeleton. Some of the guards apparently sympathized with him and advised him to eat. Huang Shuisheng said: "I am pure and white. I am not guilty. Why should I eat prison food?"

Huang Shuisheng was a knowledgeable youth, and he never talked about his own good deeds. But now, he must talk, talking about his being an upright and budding revolutionary, but never a criminal

He reminisced: When the electric machinery factory next to his plant caught fire, he went to do rescue work at great personal risk. He even escorted the wounded to the hospital

He also recalled the occasion of his camping out when he saw a sick man in the house of a martyr's family. The man had a burst abscess in the body which was both dirty and smelly. He sent for a doctor to treat him....

He also remembered seeing an old worker who had a stroke on the road. He stopped a passing car for sending the old man to a hospital

He also remembered an old woman living next to his house. Because of her old age, he usually took her to the hospital on his tricycle.

Huang Shuisheng sank into a coma and was rushed to the prison medical center for emergency treatment. However after he recovered consciousness, he still refused to eat. The investigator had to force in some glucose water through his nostril. But he struggled and broke the glass of glucose water.

Huang Shuisheng decided to die but he still did not know that his home had been confiscated; that his younger sister could no longer study in the "21 July" University; that even his nephew of less than 10 years old was called a "little counterrevolutionary" in school; that his mother, who had heart trouble, had had several attacks and almost died; and that his girl friend had already broken away from him

In Nanjing . . .

Kang Yuyi, who was imprisoned for public speaking, lay in a small damp and cold cell. In this small cage where he was isolated from the outside world, he had already stayed nearly 1 month. He thought of his being interrogated time and again after his arrest. The preliminary investigator who also conducted the interrogation was a middle-aged man. During the first several interrogations, this man looked quite stern, and sometimes rebuked him. But he distinctly felt that this man's attitude was gradually changing. He asked gently and did not force him to confess. He somehow felt that this man's face was familiar. He seemed to remember seeing this man when he was making a speech in Xijiekou. He quickly shook his head and decided to dismiss him as though it was only an illusion. But he felt sure that even in this place, there were upright and sympathetic people. Although the interrogation was exhausting and at first provocative, calling for answers to repeated questions mechanically, there was an opportunity for him to speak up manfully and thus empty his chest. Once the interrogation stopped, he even felt bored. He could only face the walls day after day with no one to talk to

Kang Yuyi sank into deep thoughts with eyes closed. He suddenly heard a noise at the door and got up hastily.

The visitor was the old chief of the detention center, followed by the same investigator.

"Is your name Kang Yuyi?"

"Yes."

"Has the warden returned you your belt?"

"Yes."

"Stand up and let me see"

The chief spoke gently. Kang Yuyi stood up and did not understand the meaning of all this. The chief looked at him, and Kang Yuyi felt that his eyes were the same as his voice. The chief used his hand to feel his back gently and said: "Well, sit down."

Kang Yuyi sat down. The chief asked again: "If you have done anything wrong, better speak out clearly. You may get some leniency this way ..."

"I have spoken all that I have to speak. I am not guilty. Mine was not a counterrevolutionary speech. I was only presenting my views in the street, and what I spoke was in everyone's mind."

The chief remained silent. Then he left. The investigator came over to him and said: "You will be brought out soon. Behave well. If you have any disagreement, don't express it there. Come back to talk to me." Kang Yuyi nodded submissively.

The investigator left, and the warden came, with a pair of handcuffs. "According to regulations, you have to be handcuffed before going out."

Kang Yuyi said: "Go ahead!"

After handcuffing him, the warden asked: "How do you feel? Too tight? Can you move your arms?"

Kang Yuyi moved his arms a little and said: "It is all right."

Before leaving, the prison doctor gave him a dose of pain reliever. The warden again told him: "At the meeting, don't bend your back. You can only lower your head. Otherwise, it may be too hard for you. You are so weak."

It was 28 May. Kang Yuyi, Wang Yunde, Xu Tongxin, altogether six persons, were escorted to the Wutaishan stadium to be criticized and struggled against. In Nanjing, even small children knew that this was the place for the public trial of arch criminals.

This criticism-struggle meeting was really a big farce. The first five targets of struggle were Communist Party members. Whenever the people on the rostrum declared that so-and-so was a Communist Party member, tens of thousands of spectators burst into a big laugh to mock the criticism-struggle meeting. The hot weather was depressing in Nanjing by the end of May, and tens of thousands of people fanned themselves with their

straw hats whenever they spoke or walked, and nobody listened to the talks through the loudspeaker. Before the meeting was half over, one-third of the spectators had already left.

Sure enough, when the meeting was half over, Kang Yuyi was so weak that he could not stand the strain anymore. He perspired profusely and his legs became weak. He felt that he was going to collapse. Luckily, he was supported by two PLA men, each of them holding one of his arms. Kang Yuyi felt that these two young fighters were sincerely helping him, and were propping him up with great effort. He also heard one of them whispering by his ear: "It will soon be over. Bear it a little longer"

During the Wutaishan meeting, Kang Yuyi was greatly moved by the young fighter who dared to speak to him. He felt the hearts of people and the fighters were linked with his. Although it was a very low voice, it carried a tremendous strength as Kang Yuyi heard it. He felt that he should make an effort to pull himself together

After the Wutaishan meeting, Kang Yuyi's mind was confused, because he knew that after a meeting in Wutaishan, the victims would soon be executed. He also knew that his fate could not be decided by just a few sympathetic persons. He knew about criminal law: After the passing of a death sentence, several days would be allowed for appeal. Therefore he was prepared for the worst: If he were given a death sentence, he would appeal He decided to finish reading the "Selected Works of Marx and Engels," so that by the time he would meet them, he would not be ashamed of not having read all their selected works.

His hope materialized, because the warden brought him four volumes of the selected works.

However, he did not have a pen. He requested the chief to give him something to write with. The chief consented and gave him a pencil. A few days later, however, when people came to check his room, the pencil was taken away. He finally rolled the toothpaste tube into the shape of a pen, and by scratching it on the paper, he could produce a faint greyish impression. With his books, he no longer felt lonesome and his mind became a little more concentrated. There seemed to be some sunlight entering his small, dark, damp cell.

However, his tranquility did not last long. In an interrogation, he almost exploded. The investigator held a sheaf of papers and from the questions asked, Kang Yuyi knew they were about the so-called sinister materials collected during the "16 May" affair, with was nothing new at all. As far as this affair was concerned, Kang Yuyi had been rehabilitated long ago, and all the materials were declared destroyed. Yet today, how could they still be in the investigator's hand? And precisely at this critical hour? This was like kicking somebody who is already down. Kang Yuyi knew that the henchmen of Wang, Zhang, Jiang and Yao were trying to harm him on a new pretext.

Kang Yuyi managed to control his rage and said to the investigator:
"These materials are not worth a dime!"

The investigator did not feel offended. There was no sign of any anger on his face, and no rebuttal came.

Kang Yuyi continued: Comrade investigator, at this time, I have to say something. We don't know each other, and you don't understand me. But you can investigate. In the school, there are many students and many teachers. You can easily clarify this matter and come to your own conclusion if you will only check. True, I was born in a landlord's family. But I was brought up by the party, by Chairman Mao and the people. Otherwise, how could I enter college and become a teacher. My grandfather was a traditional medical practitioner. He had farmland which he rented to others. This was exploitation. But I was then only 12, and did not know anything. My schooling ended soon after Liberation, because my family was too poor to support me. The principal of that middle school discovered my absence and sent a schoolmate to look for me at home. How did the principal know me? Well, before I left school, I was a Young Pioneer and quite active in various political activities. I was an activist during the War of Resistance against U.S. Aggression and in Aid of Korea. That was why the principal came to know me. He allowed me to study, and according to party policy, I studied free. Besides, I had a monthly board allowance of 4 yuan. After I entered university, I got 2 additional yuan for pocket money, a wool-padded jacket in winter and an unlined jacket in summer That was how I got my education and grew up. Can I be anti-party? Or anti-Chairman Mao? Even if you burn me alive, you still cannot find any anti-party trace in my ashes. Comrade investigator, I believe you. Please let me finish If I were a counterrevolutionary, why should I still wear the school emblem. It would have been a simple thing for me to remove it. You go and find out whether the pressure of my work would permit me to engage in counterrevolutionary activities. I have committed no error. At this time of life or death, I have to defend myself. I am a revolutionary with a red heart. I love Chairman Mao...."

The investigator did not interrupt him. He listened attentively until Kang Yuyi finished. Then he nodded his head

A female prisoner was singing in the female prison. Her voice was not bad and the song was quite rhythmical. She sang one song and then another. Later she laughed and asked: "What do you think of my voice?"

"Not bad. Not bad."

One of the other inmates asked: "You have such a good voice. Why don't you be a vocalist instead of a prisoner?"

This question brought about general laughter. The singer, who seemed to be mentally unbalanced, felt very much offended and said: "That is none of your business. If you say anymore such thing, I will never sing again."

Wang Yunde, who had been sent here because of posting written slogans, had hardly opened her mouth. Now, seeing this quarrel, she said: "Be quiet! We have had enough trouble! Sing once more to brighten us up a little." She knew that the girl who sang had not committed any serious crime; so she said: "Now, let me start for you."

Wang Yunde's voice was not loud, but had some tranquillizing effect. The prisoners stopped laughing. Apparently, from Wang Yunde's appearance, they noticed some moral courage which they lacked. Now from the female prison, the songs of "Wave After Wave in the Lake" and "I Lost My Proud Poplar and You Your Willow" could be heard.

Later the warden came and shouted: "Stop! What kind of place is this?" The girl who first sang now sat quietly and was frightened.

Wang Yunde said: "There is no harm. She has a good voice."

"No! This is a prison! If you want to sing, you shouldn't have committed crimes!" He locked the gate and left.

This reprimand produced its effects. The prisoners quieted down, some sitting on benches, others stretching their bodies on the beds, and still others staring vacantly at the wall.

Wang Yunde sat on her own bed and read Marxist-Leninist works which had been sent to her after prolonged begging. She was one of the six culprits at the criticism-struggle meeting held at Wutaishan. In mourning Premier Zhou and in struggling against Wang, Zhang, Jiang and Yao, there were not many female comrades like her. Her unyielding spirit on the rostrum left a deep impression among the audience. When the meeting ended, she clearly saw someone waving his hand to show respect to these "criminals." She sincerely hoped to see more such meetings so that she could have the pleasure of meeting the masses. After the meeting, her name quickly spread throughout the Stone City. But she had the feeling that she could not expect to live long. Therefore, she lost no time in studying Marxism-Leninism. As long as she lived, she needed to exercise her mind!

The several female prisoners in the same cell with her were all criminals, and some of them were involved in manslaughter. Therefore, she could not speak their language, and they could not understand her. One of them even made a false report on her attempted suicide in the toilet in the hope that she could win some favor and get out earlier. The warden told her about it. She was very angry and had a showdown with that prisoner. She felt humiliated. She told the warden: "I don't want to die. I am a doctor; don't I know of a better way to commit suicide? I am still young. I want to go out alive to do a lot of work for the party."

At that time, several female prisoners felt bored when they saw Wang Yunde studying. They had never seen anyone like her before coming to the prison. One of them said: "You don't look healthy and should rest instead of reading."

Wang Yunde raised her head and looked at that female prisoner, saying: "I am not like you, because I came here wearing a flower of honor."

"Wearing a flower of honor to come here?" Several of them looked surprised. "What was your crime?"

"You don't have to ask about it. You will know later."

After hearing this, they did not bother Wang Yunde anymore. They would only mind their own business or enjoy their daydreaming.

At the Wutaishan meeting, Xu Tongxin was the first in line. He clearly knew that in the opinion of the procurator, his "crime" was most serious. If anyone had to be executed he was bound to be the first. When putting up his small-character poster, he was prepared to go to jail, but he never thought that he would receive so much "attention." A henchman of the "gang of four" was taking personal charge of his case.

"In Nanjing, you used the name 'Rocket' from west to east and from south to north, and turned the city into a mess. What does 'Rocket' mean?"

"In the past, we used millet and rifle, now we use 'rocket.'"

"Why must you be more stubborn than a special agent?"

"Because I am not guilty!"

"Why do you protect Deng Xiaoping? What favor has he given you? You are Deng Xiaoping's Nanjing agent"

"I was only speaking from the bottom of my heart. I know that there is nothing wrong with Deng Xiaoping. Now you are connecting me with the revolutionaries of the older generation. I am honored!"

"You are awaiting execution! You won't shed tears until you have seen the coffin!"

"I am going to learn from Premier Zhou's spirit. I don't want my ashes to be kept"

Xu Tongxin had the feeling that the procurator paid him so much attention only because somebody higher up told him to. Of course, he was at that time not aware that within 2 hours of the putting up of his handbill, a correspondent stationed in Nanjing had already phoned Wang Hongwen and Zhang Chunqiao, and received Zhang Chunqiao's reply: "Resolutely suppress!"

He was locked up in a small dark room, measuring not more than 3 meters long. There were still two other criminals to help watch him. He was handcuffed day and night, even when he was eating and sleeping. He could neither eat nor sleep. Only slightly over 20, he had suffered so much that he hardly looked like a human being

In Nanjing at about the same time, Zhang Xiayang was also debating with the investigator

At about the same time, Yin Hui, who joined Wang Yunde and Zhang Jingmei in posting the big written slogan to attack Zhang Chunqiao by name, was looking through a small window at the sultry and gloomy sky. He had been forced to leave his wife after only 3 months' married life, and his wife was already "crowned" the wife of a "counterrevolutionary"

At about the same time, Li Xining of Nanjing University was meditating with knitted eyebrows. He was wondering how the machinery of proletarian dictatorship had all of a sudden been used against the people and become the tool of the "gang of four's" brutal persecution

In Beijing . . .

Many more people were behind bars. Many brave and upright people had struggled with the "gang of four." Though they had hands, they could not use them to operate machinery, to write articles or to hold their guns. Some were being beaten with fists; some were studying mathematics, physics, chemistry and foreign languages under dim lights; some were quietly singing the "Internationale" with their backs against the wall... All these people had been deprived of all human dignity. Some of them had bruises all over their faces and were handcuffed even when eating and sleeping. Some had scalp wounds after being kicked with heavy boots, and lacerated wounds all over the body after being struck with nailed clubs; some shrieked with pain and fainted . . . Only their cerebrums had not been fettered; only their eyes were free to look beyond the barred window at the changing atmosphere

Now came more heartrending news: Commander Zhu De, the people's respected and beloved veteran hero, passed away. They rushed toward the gates, held the icy cold iron bars and faced the dim lights. Old Commander Zhu had received a foreign guest only a short while ago. How could he have died all of a sudden and left the party, the people and the motherland forever? Probably that gang of scoundrels had murdered him! How would Commander Zhu's memorial service be held? Would there be any mourning for him in Tiananmen? Would comrades of their own units send wreaths? Many unpleasant thoughts loomed up in their minds. They could no longer send wreaths to Tiananmen. They could only shed tears.

It was indeed an eventful year! Half a month later, a severe earthquake destroyed Tangshan and threatened the Capital. The "political prisoners" cells shook with the great earth. How they wished the "gang of four" and their cohorts would be killed in the earthquake! That would indeed be an act of justice from Heaven! They themselves did not mind dying at all. However, they all knew that even though people were dying in tens of thousands, Jiang Qing and their cohorts could still continue to lead their dissolute lives. Then how they wished to be able to do something for the people in the disaster areas! The first cadre of the PLA Second Artillery, who was imprisoned, took off his wrist watch and said to the warden: "I cannot participate in the rescue work. I want to donate this watch to support the cause." However, what he got was a rebuke: "You are a counterrevolutionary. The people want nothing from you!"

It was 9 September. China's tragedy reached the climax. The great Marxist-Leninist and the founder of Modern China Comrade Mao Zedong passed away. In the evening, the people in the Capital left their low Pakistani-style quake-resistant shacks and took to the streets, quietly listening to the dirge. The people's memory of the Qing Ming suppression was still fresh. Tiananmen Square, from the Monument to Jinshui Bridge, was not deserted; but it was not crowded either. The strains of the "Internationale" and some cries could be heard occasionally. People's faces were expressionless. Excessive grief cannot be expressed by word from the mouth, and may even turn into apathy. In one month, April, people had shed all their tears.

Yuan Haizhang of the Shuguang Electric Machinery Plant, tore a piece of black cloth from his prison uniform and several of his friends in distress joined him in making armbands out of it. Disregarding abuses from the warden about their "lack of qualification," they wore the black bands on the left arm. "I am a communist; I am qualified to mourn our own leader." Aside from some mild sobs, the prison was strangely quiet. Time and again, the dirge came through the small windows, through the bars and entered the narrow cells. Yuan Haizhang was elected by several "political prisoners" as their representative to demand that they be permitted to listen in the prison to the live coverage of the memorial meeting for Chairman Mao. This permission was finally granted. On the icy cold ground, they stood quietly for 5 hours to show their mourning

The autumn winds gradually grew violent. One day, Yuan Haizhang sank his head in deep thought. He reviewed his experiences in the interrogations during the past 3 months as though he was reconstructing a movie he had seen. Probably, in such a dark room, handcuffed people were particularly sensitive. His every blood vessel and every nerve was trembling with tension when he thought over what had happened every day and every night in this small world of his.

Amid the abusive language, Yuan Haizhang noticed that a female public security worker, who was recording the proceedings, seemed to be looking at him sympathetically.

Indeed, he was not mistaken. Even behind bars, he still had someone sympathetic to him. That day, the recorder invited him to an office. She turned on the light and asked him to write home. She fetched a bench to sit on. Yuan Haizhang seemed to distrust his own ears, because he had never heard of such things before. Yet from his observation this recorder was sincere. Then he simply wrote a few lines:

"I am quite well here. Winter will soon arrive. Take care of the children and be careful with the gas."

The recorder said softly: "Write some more. When you have finished, I will bring you to another place. I cannot call you comrade here, because of regulations. But you will be all right."

She added: "At your age, this kind of suffering is too much. Be careful with your health Things are very complicated here. There are murderers around, so don't talk too much or read too much. It is too dark and may hurt your eyes."

Tears of gratitude moistened his eyes. This was the first time in several months that someone had treated him as a comrade! He wanted to shake the recorder's hand, but dared not. He could only say: "I am forever grateful to you "

After being handcuffed, the interrogations, which seemed to drag on forever, the poor food, and the polluted air made him very miserable. Now the attitude of this female recorder gave some warmth to his frozen heart.

Before he left, the female recorder said: "Take it easy. I will be sure to deliver it. Tell me your address "

"I am worried about my wife's illness. Please take a look at her for me "

Yuan Haizhang remained awake until late that night. His spirit rose at the thought of support from such a comrade. He also felt that there were others like her, though he did not meet them. He should keep his own chin up and look for brightness. However, when he was just dozing after midnight, he suddenly woke up with a shudder. The works of the investigator during the past several days seemed to be ringing in his ears: "What is your relationship with Ye Jianying? What is your relationship with Li Xiannian?" These words pricked his heart like needles and inflicted intolerable pain on his soul.

Four days later, when no one else was around, the female recorder again sent for him. She handed over to him a letter and a pair of cloth-shoes. Tears again dimmed Yuan Haizhang's eyes. When he was holding the letter, his heart was throbbing violently. He had heard from an old criminal here that this prison was already in existence in the Qing Dynasty. Later, the Kuomintang took it over in the process of suppressing the revolutionaries. Communication with outside had never been permitted and letters, not to speak of articles, from outside were all confiscated. How precious was this letter, though written in only a few sentences! He recognized the handwriting of his wife.

The female recorder said: "Your wife is all right. The house collapsed during the earthquake, but the plant took good care of her and built a quake-proof shack for her. Your children are well too"

On hearing this, Yuan Haizhang felt choked. He also noticed tears in the female recorder's eyes.

"Now that I have met your wife, tell me if you want anything else"

"I don't have enough bedding, and I have stomach trouble. Is it possible to get my great coat?"

One week later, some bedding arrived. There was also a small plastic bag with a copy of "Quotations" inside. Yuan Haizhang himself did not know why he had to read several times before he found some quotations underlined. "We must have faith in the masses; we must have faith in the party " "We must seek truth from facts " When these sentences were joined together . . . he understood. This was a wonderful letter!

The people in handcuffs lived a terrible life. Yet it was for this reason that he found sympathy rare and precious. Yuan Haizhang seemed to feel that even when he was with the Eighth Route Army, the conditions in Taihangshan were not so miserable as they were here, and that the class feelings he had enjoyed before could not be compared with what he was getting here. Indeed, what kind of environment was this!

It could be imagined--No! it was no longer imaginary; it was already real--that once the leadership was usurped by the conspirators, the tool of proletarian dictatorship would become the tool for the suppression of people. But it could also be imagined--No! it was no longer imaginary; it was already real--that when justice is temporarily shackled hand and foot, the fighters of the people and the Communist Party members could not be forced into submission, and while they are studying Marxism-Leninism and resolutely struggling behind bars, many righteous public security workers and prison workers still stood by their side

Handcuffs are not to be feared; what decides the destiny of history is not handcuffs, but justice!

Meanwhile, under house arrest in a certain part of Beijing, Deng Xiaoping was bending over the desk in deep thought. People had spread the rumor that he had already been sent back to his native village in Shichuan, and many people were looking for him; a second rumor was that he had been sent to some place in the Northeast, and that Hua Guofeng and Ye Jianying saw him off A third rumor was that some young men on bicycles sped past Deng Xiaoping's grey house, shouting: "Old Deng, we will follow you in fighting guerrilla warfare!" A fourth rumor was that in a street of Chongqing, a beggar from the home village was accosted by someone saying: "I will give you food as soon as you shout "Down with Deng Xiaoping!" but the beggar turned around and walked away. In this place, though not in chains, he had no freedom; though no abusive language was heard, there was a dreadful silence. Only occasionally, two grandchildren of 1 or 2 years old were allowed to get in to keep him company for 1 or 2 hours. These two innocent kids climbed on to his knees or buried their heads in his bosom, little knowing that at this time, they were the only source of comfort and pleasure to the old man

Meanwhile, in the mess hall of a certain government office, four persons were at a lunch table. One of them had just returned from Tianjin. He said quietly: "Premier Hua went to Tangshan to inspect the disaster area. On his return, he stopped over in Tianjin and spoke some 40 minutes in a Tianjin factory. What he spoke about was the rescue work, but not one word about criticizing Deng." Two of them exchanged winks, each of them noticing a trace of joy in the eyes of the other. When they walked out of the mess hall, one of them asked: "How about it? Do you find any comfort in this news?" The other replied: "I hope it is true."

Not many days later, RENMIN RIBAO criticized the "three big poisonous weeds" and also carried an editorial entitled: "Deepen the Criticism of Deng, Fight the Earthquake and Do Rescue Work." The editorial said that whenever some serious natural disaster occurs, the chieftains of the opportunist line in the party would invariably attempt to take advantage of the temporary difficulties to change the orientation of revolution and to restore capitalism. The spearhead was pointing at Comrade Hua Guofeng, and nothing could be more clear.

11. Under the October Sun

After a long tragedy and the loss of many people, time finally brought people to October of 1976.

The gates of Beihai and Jingshan Parks were tightly locked as usual with a dusty signboard bearing the words "Internal Repair" in front. In the quietness, only the rustling of fallen leaves blown by the autumn wind could be heard.

If you happened to pass by the stone bridge by the side of Tuancheng and looked across the tall railings toward the red wall under the shade of trees in Zhongnanhai, what would you think and expect?

In the afternoon of 6 October, the sky was calm but somewhat gloomy, and the faint light of the sun was shining at disorderly heaps of fallen leaves in Jingshan Park. Under several apple trees, Jiang Qing was being photographed in different poses. What was unusual today was that Jiang Qing looked surprisingly solemn. Before coming to the park, she ordered some of her attendants to join her in reciting Chairman Mao's quotations. Then she hysterically yelled that "Deng Xiaoping is a counterrevolutionary, and Wan Li is a bad man." She also said that the "lineup of Central Committee leaders should follow Chairman Mao's arrangement"; that "nobody could oppose those who had worked by the Chairman's side"; and that "opposition to these people would mean opposition to Chairman Mao." Then she brought a group of people to Jingshan Park to pick apples. Normally, she was fond of stylish dresses and afraid of exposure to the sun or wind; but this time, she was hatless and without a scarf or her handbag. She only put on her Zhongshan uniform and then had 17 portraits taken.

Meticulous readers would certainly wonder why she had so many portraits taken in such an orthodox manner? This was an entry in the log of the photographic department of XINHUA News Agency: Several days before, that is on 2 October, Wong Hongwen had suddenly called the photographer to take his pictures in civilian dress as well as in military uniform in both the standard and the official styles. As many as 140 pictures were taken. Out of 24 8-inch photographs, Wang Hongwen himself selected a standard one and ordered that it be processed in the same way as Premier Zhou's. Then, what Jiang Qing had in mind that day should be quite clear.

After photographing, Jiang Qing, as a royal favor, bestowed two apples on the photographer.

The activities under the apple trees in Jingshan Park were certainly not the empress' first autumn picnic; nor was this an "event of historical dimension." It was only the curtain-raiser to her downfall. As ordered, the photographer worked overnight to produce her pictures, and sent them over to her at 10 o'clock the next morning. At that time, people knew that she could never see the pictures of her dignified self of the day before.

Within 10 hours after Jiang Qing's stage-managed apple-picking, an earth-shaking event, long expected by people, finally took place in the quietness of Zhongnanhai. In a few days, the news spread all over Beijing city and was known across the land.

In the morning of 10 October, the door of a small room on the fourth floor of the 502d Institute of the Seventh Ministry of Machine Building was suddenly pushed open and a colleague and good friend of Qu Hailiang rushed in.

"How did you get here?" Qu Hailiang asked in surprise, because he was supposed to be isolated from all people.

"As I said long ago, the day of final reckoning has come!"

"What are you talking about?"

"Already arrested! The several persons we opposed."

"What?" Qu Hailiang could not trust his own ears. He was a little scared because of his friend's breaking in. He stood up quickly and tried to push his friend out the door, saying: "Get away quickly and don't let anyone see you! I don't want you to get into trouble!"

Contrary to Qu Hailiang's expectation, his friend kept on smiling, pushed him back, and went to sit on his bed. Then he said aloud: "I don't have to go today!"

On the same day, the young painter found his respected Professor Wu. Needless to say, the several months of worry and terror had already passed; between the teacher and the student who understood each other so well, there was no need to express their excitement in words.

Professor Wu said: "The only pity is about the pictures you took for me in Tiananmen!"

Fan Ceng opened wide his eyes, but did not say anything for a while. Now he recalled that on 7 April, 2 days after the picture taking, Feng Ceng went to Professor Wu's home and told him: "About the picture taking, only you know, I know, heaven knows and the earth knows. I have disposed of them!" Professor Wu nodded approvingly. Of course, he had complete confidence in his favorite pupil.

"What a good thing, if the pictures could have been preserved up to now" Professor Wu continued to express his regret, but he did not notice his pupil's expression.

"Professor Wu, I have come today only to give you these pictures!" Fan Ceng's face showed unusual pleasure. Indeed, out of his pocket came several already enlarged prints.

The professor took the pictures, pleasantly surprised. He said: "You, how did you manage to do it?"

Fan Ceng slyly laughed and said: "I hid them among several hardcover books. They could not find them even if they came for a search. I believed that they would eventually be toppled and that I would have them processed for you!"

True, people all believed that one day eventually, this gang would be toppled. But most people did not know this could have happened so soon, so neatly, and without even such efforts as required for blowing ashes.

The writer does not want to recall here the many hearsays among people about the arrest of the "gang of four"; but it may be worthwhile to mention how that famous "Liang Xiao" met its final doom:

The 10th of October happened to be Sunday. According to the "iron rules" set up by Chi Qun for the "Liang Xiao" scholars, they should obediently return to the building by the side of Lang Run Yuan Lake in the evening. Then, after a sumptuous dinner (every member of "Liang Xiao" had a daily meal allowance of 0.70 yuan) followed by a late supper, they all went to bed. Just after midnight, or at 0000 hour of 11 October, suddenly came the noise of a car horn. The grey building was quickly surrounded by a PLA platoon.

Some of these scholars were just undressing themselves, while others were awakened from their dreams. They were all told to assemble in the guest hall on the first floor.

"Probably our leader wants to see us!" some scholar guessed. They had not the slightest inkling that the "gang of four" had already been tied up like a string of crabs--three males and one female.

In the guest hall, a PLA officer, whom they had never met before, announced: "By order of the Central Committee, all 'Liang Xiao' materials are to be sealed and handed over to the authorities. Now you all pack your things and go home. Tomorrow, report to the university party committee for a collective study class. But the responsible persons cannot go"

By now, the "Liang Xiao" performance, like that of their masters, had ended.

The entire city of Beijing was jubilant; the entire country was jubilant. The jubilation could not be kept out by the prison bars, because it was universal. In Shanghai, Nanjing and Beijing, there were various types of "isolated interrogation rooms." The dark cells of the new political prisoners suddenly became bright with sunlight.

To these prisoners, the order of living and dying was reversed. They were dying before living!

Professor Kang of Nanjing University, after eating the old buns in the prison, suddenly heard the shouting of slogans:

"Down with Wang Hongwen!"

"Down with Zhang Chunqiao!"

"Down with Jiang Qing!"

"Down with Yao Wenyuan!"

There was no mistake; indeed no mistake. He could not control himself, and, raising his arms, joined in the shouting.

Cheers came from every cell, and even the streets outside were shaken. Kang Yuyi also heard Li Xining, Xu Tongxin and Zhang Xiayang shouting aloud

A prison guard shouted at the prisoners urging them to keep quiet; but his voice was completely drowned.

After a while, the investigator arrived. Kang Yuyi had by now quieted down. "Is it true?" He asked.

"It is true!" The investigator smiled.

"Then I ask the party and the state to relay my message: I demand our unconditional release, because circumstances now don't permit our imprisonment!"

A few more days passed. The investigator told Kang Yuyi: "The Provincial CCP Committee has already approved. You will all be released in 1 or 2 days. Any objection?"

Kang Yuyi said: "We have been wrongly arrested!"

The investigator waved his hand and said, somewhat helplessly: "According to instructions from the higher authorities, it is correct to release you. But your arrest was also justified! There is no change on the nature of the Nanjing Incident, and this was decided by the central leadership. Some people protected Deng, and some people attacked the leaders in power. This verdict cannot be reversed. Don't cause any more trouble! You have disturbed the strategic plan of the Central Committee and advanced the schedule for the struggle against Wang, Zhang, Jiang and Yao. Don't you have any sense of organization and discipline?"

Kang Yuyi felt as though a bucket of cold water had been poured over him and his whole body was shaking.

In the female prison, Wang Yunde had almost the same experience. She said to an investigator: "I came here because I attacked Zhang Chunqiao. Now let me go!"

The investigator said: "You want to go out? You have to write your self-examination. You are still wrong, because you did not listen to the words of the Central Committee. You disrupted the criticism of Deng.... Chairman Mao criticized the "gang of four" long ago; was your rebellion still necessary? You have no sense of organization or discipline. You put up posters everywhere and acted rashly. You should carefully learn your lesson from this experience"

Just see what kind of logic and reasoning this is! According to these persons' articles of faith, the people as a whole must blindly follow the will of a small number of geniuses and should never do anything creative; otherwise, it would be an inexcusable crime. They were entirely ignorant of the basic Marxist tenet: "People, and people alone, are the motive force in the making of history." Unfortunately, there are still many comrades believing in nothing but "geniuses."

Kang Yuyi and Wang Yunde were released. On their release, the Public Security Bureau set up three rules for their plant and school: 1. No more rebellion. 2. No rehabilitation. 3. No welcome. But the workers of the Water Pump Plant chipped in to buy firecrackers to welcome the return of their heroes.

Compared with his friends in distress, Xu Tongxin had a far worse deal. On hearing the broadcast, he read the newspaper aloud, because the newspaper was now speaking on his behalf. However, his handcuffs became even tighter and cut into his flesh.

One of the wardens said: "What are you so excited about? You come!"

Before he had time to put on his shoes, he was already dragged before a wooden counter; someone grabbed his hair and banged his head against the wall. Xu Tongxin shouted: "The 'gang of four' have been smashed, and you still act this way"

"You asked for it."

A second person grabbed his neck to prevent him from shouting, and a third one knocked his head with a stick. He was then pushed into a dark corner, and after receiving a lot of blows and kicks, hoisted above the ground.

More and more people came to hit him. Later, they sensed something wrong, and let him down. He was still handcuffed from behind and was pushed into his own cell He fell and fainted. Blood streamed from his wrists and stained his dress. He remained handcuffed for 4 days.

On 17 November, Xu Tongxin was released. But the strange thing was that he had to remain in isolation. Although his collar and cap emblems were returned to him, he was constantly watched by two guards, and even

letters from his parents had to be censored. What is even more intolerable is that he was officially warned: "Your case is not yet closed. You have horns on the head, just like Zhang Tiesheng!"

What absurd logic this is. Pushed beyond the limit of endurance, Xu Tongxin had to write to the political commissar of the Military District, to JIEFANGJUN BAO and to Vice Chairman Deng

In a Beijing Prison

Yuan Haizhang, party committee member of the Shuguang Electric Machinery Plant was lying on the ground and closing his eyes to rest. After staying in the prison for several months, he had become jaundiced and weak. He had lost his appetite and suffered from insomnia. Although his meal consisted of two buns and some vegetable soup, he ate only half of a bun and gave the rest to others. His eyes were sunken, and there were deep hollows in his cheeks. On one occasion, he became critically ill. Although emergency treatment saved him, he had lost all his strength. The tortures, both physical and mental, were killing him by inches. He knew he could not last much longer.

Suddenly, a voice called him: "Come out, Yuan Haizhang!"

This gave him a scare, because every time he was called aloud, he had to suffer either a lot of verbal abuse or physical blows. This was the first time in about a month for him to be called out. He plucked up his courage and made his way out with difficulty.

After going around several corners, he was brought to a small room. When he came to himself and took a good look around, this was a strange place to him. It was not the interrogation room, but there were still iron bars on the windows.

He was surprised when as soon as a door opened and before he could stand firm, several persons rushed forward to embrace him. He felt himself virtually lost in loud cries. His eyes stared blankly and his face remained pale. He did not know what was going on.

"Old Yuan, are you in a daze?"

"We are your colleagues!"

For half a day, Yuan Haizhang remained speechless.

That night, he could not sleep. He and a friend in distress--also arrested because of the Tiananmen Incident--embraced each other, weeping and laughing alternately.

Two days later, Yuan Haizhang gradually recovered his senses. He was to attend a "study class before leaving the prison." Study classes had to be held for release from prison. This was something new.

During the study class, they wanted to watch the television. This was granted after some negotiation. One day, the television carried a news item about Comrade Deng Yingchao being a vice chairman. They were all moved to tears.

The release of Song Shengjun, who had been arrested in connection with the poem on the four large placards of the 109th Plant, had some problems.

On hearing that Song Shengjun and the others were to be released, scores of workers of the 109th Plant made some impromptu arrangements and rode on a truck with gongs and drums to welcome him. When the truck drove to the prison gate, the workers beat gongs and drums and fired crackers. Such a scene had never been witnessed in the history of any prison. Therefore the iron gate immediately closed.

Three comrades of the plant security section went to bring out their man. They went to the interrogation room and were received by someone.

"We come to bring out somebody." They said.

"Whom?"

"Song Shengjun."

"Why do you beat the drums and gongs outside the gate?"

"Because everyone was jubilant."

"This won't do! Never such a thing before. Where is the sense of organization and discipline? This is a bad influence!"

"This is the spontaneous action of the masses. We did not organize it and have nothing to do with it."

"This won't do! You have to tell them to leave. Otherwise he will not be released!"

The three men went out for a while. When they returned to the interrogation room, the noise of the gongs and drums was heard again.

"Why are they still there?"

"They won't listen. We can't persuade them"

"If they don't go away, this man will not be released. This is the Municipal Bureau director's order."

The "Municipal Bureau director" was that trusted man of the "gang of four" who was still putting up a last-ditch fight. The argument went on for 3 hours. It was almost dark. The three comrades of the security section helplessly told the crowd: "Please retreat 200 meters. It is important that the man be released first. If you don't retreat, they refuse to release him"

The people on the truck, numbering 70-80, could only swallow their anger. The driver backed off to 200 meters and waited on the road.

Song Shengjun finally came out, and people rushed forward to shake his hand. He was pale and had lost all his strength as though after a serious illness. A strong young man, after half a year's disappearance, now looked like a different person.

That night, the workers of the plant, who had already waited several hours, held a welcome meeting. Song Shengjun was decorated with a red flower, and people lined the street to greet him. Everyone wanted to hold him up, but he was too delicate to be so handled. So he was seated on a chair to be seen by everyone. Later, he was served a bowl of hot noodles, given a bath and quickly sent home

The handcuffs were now removed from the wrists of the people and transferred to those of the "gang of four's" sworn followers. This was the result of a just historical verdict!

The people's Qing Ming movement with Tiananmen Square as its center, was a worthy foundation stone of the October victory. The sun of October began to shed its rays throughout the length and breadth of our land! Although some innocent people still remained behind bars for 3, or 5 more months, or even for 1 or 2 more years, the ice had been broken and the navigation route had been opened. The removal of all the obstacles set by the "gang of four" and the treatment of chronic ills, also caused by the "gang of four" will necessarily take some time, but after all, history is now on the march unimpeded, and people have awakened!

Facts will prove: That great hour in the late night of 6 October compensated for what our country lost during the 10 preceding years, or even more. The forceful blow delivered by the Central Committee headed by Comrade Hua Guofeng, saved our party and state on the brink of destruction, and formed a brand new page in our history.

China is full of hope!

Epilogue

One bright day in the early winter 2 years later, 1978, a short middle-aged man came to the west gate of Zhongnanhai on an old bicycle. He showed his worker's identification to the guards and then took out a

letter, asking to see a responsible comrade. Soon an armyman, slightly older and fatter, came out. The visitor told him the purpose of his visit and handed over the letter. He also earnestly requested the armyman to do something.

The visitor was the editor of the poem-song-essay section of the People's Literature Publishing House, entrusted by all the comrades in his section to carry a letter, written in a 16-mo letter paper and bearing no official stamp, to Zhongnanhai, to be handed over to Comrade Hua Guofeng.

That was the day when the rehabilitation of the Tiananmen Incident was announced by the Beijing Municipal CCP Committee.

Two days later, that is, on 18 February, at noon, the editors, bending over their desks for a rest, were awakened by a phone call. The call was from the CCP Central Committee Staff Office and the message was: "Chairman Hua Guofeng has read your letter, and, as requested, will write an inscription for the "Tiananmen Poems" soon to be published.

This was heartening news for the editors.

After 2 years waiting, the hoped for rehabilitation of the Tiananmen Incident finally materialized. People have emptied their chests!

The memory of the 1976 Qing Ming Incident is still fresh in people's minds. Among my friends are an overseas Chinese and an armyman. After the brutal suppression of the people's movement in the 1976 Qing Ming Festival, that overseas Chinese decided to leave the motherland where he had stayed more than 20 years and passed his youthful days. He was formerly an outstanding middle school graduate in Shanghai, and had held the post of CYL deputy secretary. He had also been a promising student in the Chinese University of Science and Technology. This patriotic young man, with a strong professional dedication, did not mind the harsh material living conditions; however, the brutal suppression of people's democracy angered him. The armyman had been to the battlefield to resist U.S. aggression and to aid Vietnam during the 1960's. At great personal risk, he had defused an enemy time-bomb. "But now, for whom shall I die? Probably the gun in my hand will be used against my own people." He declared openly, "Not a single cadre in our regiment can feel easy about this." Despite the commander's urge to stay, he left the army and returned to his home village.

From this, we can see the deep scars left in people's hearts.

The Tiananmen Incident marked the end of an old era and the beginning of a new one in Chinese history. The truth behind it could not be publicized until after the rehabilitation.

As everyone knows, the people's movement, with Tiananmen as the center of their activities, was aimed against the "gang of four" under the banner of mourning Premier Zhou. China had gone through 10 years' upheaval in solving the problem of successor for the supreme leader. During these 10 years, Premier Zhou, in the spirit of "bending one's back to the task until one's dying day" managed to keep the tottering state intact. After every disaster caused by Lin Biao and the "gang of four," he was the one to restore order. After Lin Biao's death in the air crash, people naturally thought of the premier and placed great hopes in him. The people want socialism, Marxism-Leninism, and the four modernizations; they do not want revisionism or feudal fascism. Yet, in addition to his chronic illness, the premier had also to suffer from the attacks and conspiracy from those traitors who had rapidly risen to high positions. His declining years were spent in extreme anguish and indignation from his struggle with this gang of bandits and in anxiety and worry for the destiny of the party, the state and the people. We should say that when the cause of persecution against a well beloved premier could not be questioned and even people's attempt to defend him constituted an unpardonable crime, it was indeed a great tragedy in the history of our nation and state. Yet people could not remain silent permanently, and, more important still, could not be destroyed. They woke up after the bloodbath in Tiananmen. Suppression only presaged the destruction of the suppressors; the right of speech in history finally returned to the people.

Now people call this stirring struggle by the dignified name of the "5 April Movement" which is entirely justified. The "5 April Movement" was the inevitable outcome of political life in contemporary China. Both the "5 April" and the "4 May" Movements will be remembered in history forever. The flag carrying the premier's picture in the Square and the prolonged strains of the "Internationale" will forever inspire people on their forward march.

'Tis the final conflict.
Let each stand in his place.
International union
Shall be the human race.

When we accepted this assignment, we could hardly conceal our feeling of ineptitude and embarrassment in view of this gigantic and soul-stirring historical episode.

We have interviewed many heroes as well as ordinary people. We should say that these heroes were, and still are, ordinary people. They are now working diligently at their own posts for the four modernizations. Their courage was not born with them; on the contrary, they candidly admitted all their weaknesses. Then what could have forced them into this struggle of fire and blood? What lofty ideals could have induced them to ascend the heroic rostrum? I think the readers can find a better answer than ours.

In a dusty air raid shelter of a small factory in Shanghai; in the disorderly room of a young painter in Beijing; in a decrepit courtyard without even a latrine; and in the spacious and bright conference room of a certain research institute of the Academy of Sciences in Nanjing, we sat down among strangers and talked to them as though they were our long separated friends. We needed no letters of introduction, or even to exchange names, but were warmly received. In the course of the interviews, we laughed together, shed tears together, pondered over things together and recalled things together. It seemed as though we had been acquainted with one another in Tiananmen Square.

Naturally, we have also received cold-shoulder treatments. On one occasion, while we were lingering before the front yard of a big mansion, the number of which we could not find, we were kicked like balls until we almost passed out. On another occasion, when we tried to visit some prohibited zones, we were rejected with various plausible excuses. Aside from the bureaucrats and those who are fond of red tape themselves, there can be hardly anyone who does not hate bureaucracy and red tape. Today, because of various obstacles imposed by bureaucracy and red tape, we had to walk until our shoes were worn out simply because we wanted to collect some material.

Fortunately, most people share our feelings, and that is why we have been able to offer this very crude, but nevertheless true, record to our readers. We have not been able, nor do we hope, to present the complete truth of this great episode with clarity and originality, not to speak of a clear interpretation. This is beyond our ability. We hope in the not too distant future some comrade will undertake this task. However, we have sincerely attempted to present several rough sketches of the incident which had a bearing on the destiny of our party, our state and each of our citizens.

December 1978--Qing Ming 1979

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